"MODERN MAN," DECEMBER 14th, 1912.

OUR BUMPER CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 215. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14TH, 1912. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) TWOPENCE.

THE CRISIS.

Modern Man

No. 215. Week ending December 14. Twopence.

Editorial Offices:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.

Publishing Department:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.

Advertising Department:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.

Annual Subscription, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months, 2/2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.

Notice to Contributors.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

It is so hard to write new things about Christmas—but how everybody loves to read the old things?

It is an old, old greeting, and an old, old wish, that the Editor extends to everybody, through the medium of another page—a greeting and a wish that are emphasised and endorsed on this. A Merry Christmas to you, friends and readers, one and all, and may the New Year falsify and smash to smithereens the ancient proverb that attaches ill-luck to the conjunction of two of its numerals!

* * *

"For Remembrance."

Among the many things that it is up to us to remember, foremost are the wants of others. Everybody wants something at Christmas. If it's anything substantial, and we *can* give it, there's as much joy in the giving as in the receiving. But we have a thought at the moment of insubstantial things—"the glad eye," the cheery word, the warm salutation, the hearty grip of the hand. They all mean more at this time than at any time, and seem to do more and "go farther." So give of them and spare not.

* * *

Memories of "Auld Lang Syne," of old friendships, of "old familiar faces," crowd in upon us all, and it is well that they come so insistently and so thickly. It is well to remember the chums and the meetings of other days and other Christmas-tides. Recollections of past friendships never clash with thoughts of present ones—pals near us know no jealousy of pals who are distant. Here's to old times and old friends!

* * *

"Forget and Remember."

It is true of Christmas as it is true of no other festival that it is the festival of all classes; and (as we have remarked elsewhere) it is more essentially than any other a family festival, especially among Englishmen. King George and Queen Mary draw their family around them—what would Christmas be in the Royal Household, to the Royal Parents without the Royal Children? As with their Majesties, so with all states of their realm. Dukes, marquises, earls, barons, and "lords of high degree;" commoners rich, and commoners poor, and commoners in between; from the top of the social tree to the bottom, the attraction of Christmas magnetically draws together the parted.

In another, but still in a very real, sense, it brings class closer to class, the masses closer to the classes, and the classes to the masses. It is well that each forgets, at all events for a time and once a year, and in some measure the barriers that ordinarily divide, and remembers the mutual obligations and common sympathies that unite.

To realise what Christmas really is, just think of what the world would be without it!

* * *

Our Frontispiece.

We leave our readers to put their own construction upon the significance of our frontispiece, and to say how they like it. Suffragette or no Suffragette, it is certain that the opportunity of the Premier is an enviable one, and, "being as it's Christmas time," many would say "Give her one on her frontispiece, Mr. Asquith!"

* * *

"Embargo on Irish Cattle," reads a newspaper head-line. Is it a new kind of fl—— insect?

* * *

University Man's Value.

The Marconi inquiry has elicited certain information of a decided social interest. In connection with the appointment of a wireless expert for the torpedo school, it was advertised that a University Degree was required by the Director of Naval Education.

We do not like this at all. There is a spirit of snobbishness about it which displeases us. We are not crying down a University Education, for it is an undoubted advantage—but we resent the suggestion that it should be indispensable. If a man can do certain work without having had a University Education, he should be considered suitable for the torpedo school.

We are unaware of any "Torpedo" exam. at any 'Varsity; and for the purposes of such a job we consider that a University education is quite immaterial.

* * *

Lord Northcliffe is described as "The Napoleon of Journalism." He is certainly "a little corporeal."

* * *

Deferred Payment.

The will of Mr. Thomas Crompton Waterhouse, chairman of the English Sewing Cotton Company and President of the American Thread Company, sets an example which, if generally followed by rich fathers, would act as a preventive of the spendthrift dissipation by their sons of the fortunes the former amass and leave behind them. Under the provisions of the will in question, a large portion of a large capital sum is to accumulate at investment until 1927, when it is to be equally divided between the testator's daughter and this three sons, or their issue, subject to the condition expressed as follows:—

"I hereby declare that no one of my said sons shall receive any share of the said accumulated capital and the interest or income arising therefrom until he has proved to the satisfaction of the Public Trustee that he has made discreet use of the other portions of my trust estate devised or bequeathed to him under this my will, and of the moneys left to him by his grandfather, Thomas Waterhouse, as I do not wish that any portion of my own savings or those of my late father shall benefit any son of mine who has shown by his conduct that he is unable to appreciate the use of capital, moneys, or estate. And I declare that the decision of the Public Trustee in this respect shall be deemed to be final and conclusive."

* * *

Says the *Daily Mail*, "No more empty stockings." No, as Phil Ray says of the lady's nighty, "Take it away, and fill it."

* * *

Increased Naval Pay.

We are very glad to see that the Admiralty are following our suggestion, made recently, that extra pay should be given to Naval sailors. We have the first navy in the world—but, alas, the boast "we've got the men," no longer holds good. We want men—and the only way to get them is to make the pay more alluring. The same applies to the Army. *Verb. sap.*

* * *

The case at North London, the other day, when a taxi-cab driver, who was charged with being drunk, said that he was a teetotaller, "drinking only port wine," is yet another instance of a nonsensical idea prevailing among a ridiculously large section of the community.

The individual who imagines that he cannot get just as drunk on port wine as he can on whisky is a fool—and the sooner he realises it the better.

SEND AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

THE FAMILY GATHERING.

Captain R. C. Warr, commodore of the Cunard Line, has returned to England on his last voyage, after 49 years at sea, 33 of which he has spent in the Cunard service. He has crossed the Atlantic 600 times.

* * *

Baby and Delirium Tremens.

When one reads of a baby suffering from delirium tremens, one can scarcely help being incredulous. Yet so eminently respectable a witness as Miss Reynolds, organiser of the United Irishwomen's Society, recently declared that such a case had lately come to light in Ireland. And when she adverted to the practice in Irish country districts of giving stout to infants, the difficulty in accepting her statement was considerably minimised.

How such a baneful practice ever caught on at all, and how it can flourish in the second decade of the twentieth century, even in rural Ireland, are mysteries that belong apparently to the realm of the insoluble. But it is an indisputable fact that, though an angel from heaven were to point out the iniquitous folly of those ignorant women who thus habituate their off-spring to alcohol, his message would avail nothing against the ingrained prejudices and superstition of generations.

With such a training and preparation no wonder the Patlander is *facile princeps* the devotee of Bacchus.

* * *

West Kensington Note:—

Recent paragraphs in our feature, "Other People's Indiscretions," did *not* refer to Mr. Milborrow, who is one of the best and straightest.

* * *

Royal Feminine Feud.

As ardent loyalists, we are grieved to hear that differences of opinion exist between the Queen Dowager Alexandra, and Queen Mary. It would be the greatest pleasure to us if some sort of reconcilation could possibly be arrived at between these two very gracious ladies.

* * *

In Parliament and out of Parliament, there are intermittent flashes of opposition to the flogging clauses of the White Slave Traffic Bill. The clauses are safe enough, but when the time comes for putting them into practice the objections of a spurious and sickly sentimentalism are likely to be more insistently urged. It is satisfactory to reflect that cranks who cannot be silenced can be ignored.

Every now and again we hear of mock marriages, but we have the fullest confidence in stating that they are quite as common as many another form of fraud.

The man, for instance, who commits bigamy is the sort of man who would not shrink at going through a mock ceremony of marriage.

The majority of mock marriages are instigated by some rascal who wishes to obtain as much money as he can from his "wife," and then decamp without leaving any traces. This is the usual object; though in other cases, the motive may be simply that the man wants to take advantage of the girl without incurring any legal obligation to support her afterwards.

* * *

Very Simple to Perform.

It is a particularly regrettable circumstance that under the present-day social conditions, mock marriages are very simple to perform. In the wiser old days of our grandfathers, and even of our fathers, when girls were not allowed out unattended by some person qualified to take care of them, they were comparatively secure from contracting the acquaintance of oily-mannered and persuasive-tongued adventurers.

But nowadays, when the average "flapper" goes about alone to theatres, rinks, and other places of amusement by herself, it is easy to see how simple it is for scoundrels to worm themselves into the good graces of girls with money.

The next step is to suggest marriage—and the "Registrar's" is suggested. The rest is easy. A confederate poses as the Registrar in a private house, which is easily "faked," by means of easily-detachable inner-screens to the windows with the legend on them (for the young lady's benefit) "Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages." The "ceremony" is over in a minute or so, the "bride" and "groom" are hustled out, and the detachable screens taken down immediately.

* * *

Drew Money from the Bank.

There was a case not long ago, when a scoundrel duped the daughter of a well-to-do provincial tradesman by means of a mock marriage. He persuded her to draw all her money from the P.O. Savings Bank, and to sell her jewellery. On the proceeds, the couple went to New York, where, when the money was all gone, the villainous "husband" promptly deserted the girl, and left her stranded!

EVERYBODY'S PRAISING THE "MODERN MAN" SAFETY RAZOR.

"I was sober enough to know that I was drunk," affirmed at Lambeth Police Court a defendant who added, apparently irrelevantly, that he was a barrister. The man who is sober enough to be convinced that he is drunk is much rarer than the man who is drunk enough to be convinced that he is sober.

* * *

"Dick Donovan."

As defendant in a County Court action, Mr. J. E. Preston Muddock, known to the world as "Dick Donovan," had to plead impecuniosity. The ordeal he was obliged to go through must have been a painful one—he faced it and went through with it in a plucky, straightforward and manly manner.

The catch-halfpenny and catch-penny paragraphs that have gone the round about the incident are not only somewhat inaccurate, but in disgustingly bad taste. "Dick "Donovan" has done a lot of good work, and is capable of doing a lot more.

We warmly sympathise with him, and endorse the protest he has published against the uncalled for and impertinent comments of which he complains.

* * *

Stop the Suffragettes.

The nature and number of the most recent Suffragette outrages, from Aberdeen to London, vindicate our insistence, weeks ago, in warning the authorities that new acts of savagery were in contemplation and preparation. Some of those offences, notably the dastardly pillar-box crimes, have now been committed—and even worse may be expected.

Who are the instigators and perpetrators? In many cases the very females who would still be doing time but for the flabby-backed weakness of the authorities in prematurely releasing them.

The policy of indulgence has failed all along the line. At present *Modern Man* is alone in urging that confirmed Suffragette offenders against property and person be expatriated; but if public opinion overtakes us it will not be the first time we shall have led the way.

* * *

Post Office Slackness.

We have already had cause to complain of the way in which various branches of postal work are conducted and here is another growl which should interest everybody who is in the habit of despatching and receiving a large correspondence. The other day the Editor of this paper sent off a most important letter to a contributor in West Kensington, but the letter did not arrive. It was only two mornings after it should have turned up that the contributor received it under cover from a resident in *South* Kensington, to whose address it had been delivered.

The original letter was quite correctly addressed and *typed*; so that there was not the slightest excuse whatever for a blunder of the kind. Private people often cannot agitate adequately against inconveniences—and gross ones—like this; but a newspaper can; and "Modern Man" for one, intends to. If any of our readers care to forward us particulars of any blunders of this nature which have occurred in their own case, we shall be glad to do all we can to assist them in their grievances.

* * *

"Home Happiness" Lessons.

Mrs. Schofield, the wife of Dr. E. Schofield, is a lady who has a mission in life which she obviously takes very seriously. She is the organising secretary of an exhibition to be held at Caxton Hall, with demonstrations as to how husbands and wives should treat one another. Among the lessons are to be comprised, so we understand, instruction in "the wife's greeting smile on the return of her husband, and the little compliments and other signs of affection on the part of the husband which are apt to be forgotten." M'yes. Who's that muttering about a "school of acting?" And respecting the husband's "little signs of affection," if these are to be demonstrated in public, we trust, in deference to Mrs. Grundy, that they will not be *too* thorough in character!

* * *

Lazy J.P.'s.

We are highly pleased with the action of the Lord Lieutenant, the Marquis of Bath, with regard to Mr. S. Leeke, one of the J.P.'s on the Petty Sessional bench at Dunster.

The Lord Lieutenant has written Mr. Leeke, requesting him to attend more frequently to his magisterial duties or to be placed on the list of inactive justices. We have no patience with J.P.'s who accept the dignity carried by the office, but shirk the responsible duties attendant on it. As J.P.'s they are public servants, not tin godheads—and they should remember this. They are on the bench to work, not for ornament. And a J.P. who will not work ought to be "sacked" in just the same way as a lazy office boy. We hope that this latest step on the part of the Marquis of Bath will be a lesson to other dilatory J.P.'s all over the country—in view of the cheering statement that the same action is to be taken before long in several other counties.

* * *

Murderous' Material.

The Home Secretary says that he does not consider that a special commission of inquiry into the flannelette question is called for. From one point of view we agree with him. All that any inquiry could tell us we know too well already.

More than another commission is wanted, and the burning to death of little children and others will go on till we get it.

Nothing but legislative prohibition of the manufacture of the murderous material that is allowed to tempt the poor by its cheapness will ever meet the case. The proposal that the stuff should be labelled with a statement of the tests to which is has been subjected does not go far enough.

Not a fragment of it should be allowed to be offered for sale that has not passed a satisfactory test of its non-inflammability. Case after case has proved that the description of "non-inflammable" is at least as likely as not to be a lie. Speaking generally, the sale of flannelette in the existing state of the law is murder at so much a yard.

* * *

Flannel and Flannelette.

Left alone in a room with an open fire, a three-year-old girl at Mildenhall, Suffolk, was burnt to death by the ignition of a flannelette garment she was wearing. It was shown at the inquest that such of her clothing as was flannel instead of flannelette was scarcely burnt at all.

The latter, of course, is material that contains no flannel, but while it is allowed to be sold under its misleading designation ignorant people will persist in buying it under the delusion that it is a form of flannel. The judgment in Court, years ago, that sanctioned this misleading designation has much to answer for.

* * *

Cause of Immorality.

We had something to say last week about the causes of immorality. Perhaps as prolific a cause as any is to be found in the longevity of the wicked old idea that ignorance is the protection and the safeguard of innocence. So obsessed by this vicous theory are some of the members of the Folkestone Education Committee that even where the claims and exigencies of art are concerned they are incapable of sane and clean thinking.

They have actually raised the cry of "shame!" because some of the young students at the local School of Art are instructed in drawing from the nude. The real evil, the true danger, is not in any such familiarity with the nude as is thus acquired, but in the mystery and secrecy with which it is sought to hide the nude.

In the interests of morality, the lessons of anatomy should be fully, openly, and systematically taught, not to art students as a special branch of knowledge, but to all scholars as a part of the regular curriculum of their education.

* * *

'Magistrates to Blame."

The justice and propriety of our remarks on the misplaced, mischievous leniency of so many modern magistrates are emphasised by the inadequate sentence passed on the well-connected, comfortably-off young scoundrel who stole nearly £2,000 in notes and gold from the Boscombe branch of Lloyds' Bank. Instead of committing the prisoner for trial, the magistrates, before whom he was brought, yielded to the request that the case might be dealt with summarily, with the result that the thief got off with six months.

Compare the lenity of this sentence with the savage punishment too often meted out to the starving wretch who only steals for a meal. The worst of all anomalies in the administration of justice is just the contrast between occasional ferocity and the far too familiar feebleness we so strongly deprecate.

* * *

Cause of Divorce Cases.

Conjugal unhappiness and disagreement being so much in present discussion, additional interest is attached to the declaration of an American judge that, in his experience as President of a Domestic Relation Court, the causes of marriage failures are accurately, or approximately accurately, to be tabulated as follows: Young and hasty matings, 15 per cent.; diseases, 25 per cent.; interference of mothers-in-law, 25 per cent.; interference of children in second marriage, 15 per cent.; ungovernable temper, 10 per cent.; drink and drugs, 10 per cent.

AMUSE YOURSELF WITH OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

There is gratitude in the world after all. Ten years ago a poor woman of South Shields befriended, in her humble way, a homeless, distressed youth. "I chanced to help him a bit," is her own way of putting it: "I gave him food and shelter for a little bit." Now the once homeless boy has died in Australia, and left his benefactress of a decade ago his "little bit"—to the tune of property worth more than £25,000.

* * *

Fortune Telling Humbugs.

Mr. Curtis Bennett did well in fining heavily two female fortune-telling humbugs haled before him at Bow Street the other day, but he would have done better had he sent the pair to prison off-hand, for the case (the first to be brought under the new Police order) was a very bad one.

The woman who got off with the smaller fine (being the "assistant" of the other woman) promised an early marriage to a married client, to be followed by widowhood; and in the case of another married client an assurance of early widowhood and a quick re-marriage was given. There is nothing new in all this, but a purpose is served in noting convictions in cases of this class. "I am determined to put a stop to this kind of thing," said Mr. Bennett. He and other magistrates can do much to check it, but they'll never "stop" it. It is, however, satisfactory to receive the assurance of the Commissioner of Police that the recent cautions to West End and other "occultists" have been generally heeded, though not without exceptions.

* * *

Peths and Panks.

A lady reader has sent the following, which doubtless will be voted interesting:—

At times I think myself a Peth,
  At other times a Pank;
For who am I to judge of chiefs,
  Or rightly value swank?

I'm but a humble Suffragette,
    And very lowly feel
With but "three weeks at Holloway"
  To prove my loyal zeal.

I bear my hammer in my muff
  Like other of my rank.
Shall I withhold my hand as Peth
  Or make a smash with Pank?

If I should set some place afire,
  What would the Pethites say?
And are the Pankites pleased with me
  Because of doubt's delay?

I use my padlock now and then
  And raise my feeble shout;
But that brief compromise is o'er
  When they have turned me out.

For Peth and Pank both laugh to scorn,
  And call such tactics old—
They seem to yearn for something new
  And something wildly bold.

I'm off to Monte Carlo, then,
  Where I shall break the bank;
For one must bust, or advertise,
  To please both Peth and Pank.

* * *

Professor of Longevity.

Professor Metchnikoff, the famous Russian scientist, who is the greatest living authority on the question of lengthening life, believes that "old-age" is a poison and that under judicious treatment an ordinary man should live to be 100 or 120 years of age. He has discovered a new "benevolent microbe," called the "glycobacter"—and this, introduced into the intestines, wages war against the bacteria which bring on old age. The best way of "introducing" the "glycobacter" to the intestines is to eat sugar in the form of dates, beetroot, and carrots. Carrots and long life. Aha! *Now* we know why one so seldom sees a dead donkey.

* * *

Man-Woman Dead.

A tragedy occurred at Newcastle the other day when Mrs. Margaret Neilsen, who had worked on a Tyne wherry in man's attire under the name of James Palmer, and was injured by iron plates falling on her, died ten minutes before her mother, who had been hastily summoned, was able to reach her bedside. The whole moral appears to be the extreme danger invariably entailed to women who are foolish enough to do men's work. Apart from the legal aspect of masquerading in male attire, there is quite enough work natural to their sex that women can find to do, without risking death or injury by attempting work requiring strength which they do not possess.

* * *

£1,000 Wager.

Two Londoners, Messrs. Gerald Hirsch and Eric Maturin, are probably feeling very pleased with themselves just now.

The former has won £1,000 and the latter £50 as a result of a wager made by a Mr. B. Cohen that they would not walk from London to Brighton (Hirsch in evening dress and pumps and Maturin in cricket shirt, shorts, and pumps) in twenty-four hours. The two blithe sportsmen duly started off at midnight last week attired in their quaint garb and succeeded in performing the feat with 1¾ hours to spare.

Probably the only person who does not rejoice at this epoch-making event is Mr. B. Cohen who has got to weigh out a cool thousand guineas.

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TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE:
"THE ONLY WAY."

* * *

Hooley "Out."

Ernest Terah Hooley, the famous financier, who was in February last sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in the Second Division for having, as alleged, obtained cheques for £2,000 by false representations from a Mr. George Leech Tweedale, was released last week, having obtained a remission of his sentence through good conduct. On motoring to his residence at Risley, near Long Eaton, he found that many of the houses near his own were decorated with flags to mark his home coming. We are not sorry to see this; for it is, for once, a pleasing exception to the rule that everybody is only too ready to kick a man when he is down.

* * *

Jealous Negress.

Yet another instance of our contention against the ease with which gun-licenses can be obtained in this country.

This is provided by the tragedy which has just occurred in Coram Street, Russell Square, when Jessie Mackintosh, a young white woman, was shot dead by a negress in a house occupied principally by negro rag-time artists. The assailant tried to shoot another occupant of the house; and then dashed out, and was captured in Russell Square. It is understood that she was jealous of her husband. Whatever the facts of the case may be, we repeat, with all the energy of despair, that the issuing of gun-licenses should be a matter of far graver enquiry, especially in view of the rapidly increasing influx of undesirable aliens, black, white, yellow, coffee-coloured, and red, into these once happy islands.

FOR THE WINNER OF OUR FOOTBALL MONEY SEE PAGE 1685.

WHY WOMEN DISAPPEAR.

Light on an Increasing Modern Social Phase.

During the last few days public excitement has been raised to fever-pitch by the disappearance of Mrs. Nowill, the wife of a well-to-do provincial business man. The story of the unfortunate lady's body being discovered on the rocks at Newquay, nine days after she disappeared, will be too fresh in the memory of most of our readers to call for recapitulation.

The question that is really important is: "Why did Mrs. Nowill disappear?"—and on this another question follows as a corollary: "Why do women disappear?"

Desire for Secrecy.

Women's reasons for doing most things are so wildly inconsistent that such a question will not admit of any particularly systematic investigation; but there is generally one outstanding reason common to each case—the desire to do something questionable in some place where the woman is unknown. When a married woman, for instance, has begun to realise that her intrigue with some man other than her husband is becoming noticed by her friends and acquaintances, she will sometimes hit upon the idea of "disappearing." Her accomplice waits for a while, and then departs for Australia or some equally remote place—at any rate, he is supposed to. But he does not. He simply joins the "disappearing lady," and the two pick up the threads of their intrigue where they had been broken off.

There was a case of this kind not very long ago. The wife of a Devonshire parson fell in love with a wealthy member of a brewing firm, who stayed for the summer in the village in which her husband held his living. When the brewer's stay in the village was drawing to a close, she mysteriously disappeared, and for a week or two the fruitless search for her was a source of considerable excitement.

Then the brewer returned to London—or so he was supposed to be doing. In reality, he joined the lady in a small village in Warwickshire. There they lived as man and wife for some four months, at the end of which time he grew tired of his companion, and left her.

"Loss of Memory" Dodge.

She, however, was not particularly dismayed at her situation, which, at the first glance, would seem to be an unenviable one. She took the train to a little town on the Sussex coast, where she was careful to be "found wandering." She played the "loss of memory" trick to perfection; and her discovery caused almost as much excitement as her disappearance.

Another recent instance of this sort of thing—though in a different walk of life—was the case of a Walthamstow postman's wife. It is stated that when spending a week's holiday at Great Yarmouth, she was once or twice addressed by an apparently well-to-do man; and on the day on which she was to have returned to her husband in London, this man asked if he might carry her bag for her to the station.

She consented and he put her into the train and got in too. She asked if it was going to Liverpool Street, and he answered "Yes," but eventually she found herself in Liverpool. Here he is stated to have suggested a steamer trip, while waiting for the train back to town. Again she acquiesced; and was electrified to find herself on a liner bound for America.

From America she wrote some time afterwards to her husband asking for money to pay her passage home, and recounting the above pitiful tale of woe. The husband, however, is stated to have attached no credence to most of the details; and in this we are not inclined to deny his common-sense.

Found Wandering.

There is little doubt but that in nine cases out of ten in which women disappear, or are found wandering under strange circumstances, and "suffering from complete loss of memory," there is some sort of double-dealing underlying the whole thing.

Meanwhile—although we are not necessarily imputing any suggestions of the kind in connection with the recent case—it would be interesting to ascertain the real cause of Mrs. Nowill's disappearance and death. The fact that Mr. Delay, a solicitor, who was apparently on friendly terms with her, hanged himself when she disappeared, is another mysterious element which is, however, not entirely out of accord with the theory which forms the main substance of this article.

HIRE PURCHASE VILLAINY.

Further Revelations of the Disgraceful Working.

As mentioned last week, we have written to several Members of Parliament pointing out our feasible plan for the protection of the unwary and unsuspicious from the Hire Purchase System, and in our next issue we hope to be able to communicate some pleasing information to our readers.

In the meantime, we are giving publicity to information derived as the result of further investigations.

It has come to our knowledge that the type of hire purchase shark who "sells" furnished houses on the "deferred payment" system has encountered a not inconsiderable enemy. This enemy is the entire auctioneering and surveying profession—or, at any rate, that section of it which conducts an upright business—; and it was in response to a communication made to the Editor by a member of one of the best known firms of auctioneers in the West End of London, that a representative of "Modern Man" called on the gentleman in question, and gathered from him the following facts.

Furniture Taken Away.

These sharks realise fully that in the boarding-house business nowadays there are very few people who can afford to set themselves going on a substantial cash basis. So they seize the opportunity of extracting every penny of the savings or other small capital of unwary women who seek to establish boarding-houses by paying a partial sum down. They insert in a newspaper the following type of advertisement:—

"For sale. Boarding-house business. Sound going concern. Profits (net) £15 per week. House entirely filled with patrons of long standing. Goodwill, furniture, etc., will be sold for £4,500. Part may remain, to be paid by instalments. Apply in first instance Messrs. Catchem and Drainem, Bloomsbury."

As a result of this advertisement, a large number of applicants call to make terms for the purchase of this alluring business. In turn they are shown over the house, probably somewhere in Bloomsbury, Bayswater, or Earl's Court, and find that it is in the hands of a manageress, and that, as the advertisement made it out, it is full up with residents. So some poor victim pays down some such sum as £500, and signs an agreement to pay the residue by periodical instalments.

The guileless purchaser enters into possession; and for a week or so all goes well. But strangely enough, the patrons of "long standing" begin to disappear one by one, and no others arrive to take their place. All the new "proprietress's" capital has been sunk in the initial instalment, so that she cannot keep up with her obligations. Rates, tradesmen's bills, and rent fall into arrears—and then the sharks play their trump card. Somebody appears with an agreement showing that the furniture is on the hire-purchase system and that as the payments are in arrears, it can be taken away. And taken away it is, though the unfortunate dupe, who, of course, fancied that the furniture was the actual property of the original "vendor" of the "business," is overcome with horror at what is nothing short of ruin to her. The hire-purchase people and the "vendor," of course, are in league.

Brighton Cook's Loss.

There was a flagrant case of this kind in the Bayswater district quite recently. A young lady who had only about £100, paid that sum as a deposit for the "purchase" of a boarding-house business for £500, furniture and all, the remaining £400 to be paid by instalments. After she had been there a month or so, the houseful of "paying" guests cleared out. With the house empty, she soon got into arrears, and the "vendors" then came back and retook possession, because some of the instalments were overdue. The same thing happened in connection with the same house and furniture, no less than *three* times in *four* years!

Another case was that of a cook at Brighton who paid about £75—all she had—and was defrauded in the same way.

Briefly the *modus operandi* is this:—A takes a house, furnishes it on the hire system, and posing as the owner of the furniture sells to B for say £100 down and the remainder by instalments. The "dummy" guests go; B cannot make the place pay; and the hire furnishers come in and retake the furniture for arrears. Thus B has paid her £100 for something which A had no right whatever to sell.

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR ALL CLASSES.

ROSE LEAVES OF DECEMBER.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF LOVERS' QUARREL.

Myra Vereker stood before the big swing mirror and smiled at her reflection, then she sighed—the smile was for the beauty she saw, the sigh for the happiness she missed.

Christmas was close at hand, and Myra hated Christmas—for there was something she wanted forgotten—something which she wished to be remembered.

But the face that she turned to her husband was as cold as a marble statue before Love has kissed it, and her eyes glittered as icily as the stars above in the wintry skies.

Lord Vereker told himself that he ought to have become accustomed to living with an icicle, but well—he had not.

They had only been married a few months when they had quarrelled, a quarrel out of all proportion to the cause, which was but a trifle—and, like "the little rift within the lute," it seemed as if the music of their lives would for ever more be hushed.

Myra, the spoiled darling of wealthy parents, had been the loveliest debutante of the year, and her marriage with Lord Vereker the event of the season.

A love match the relatives on both sides declared it.

And now—a few bitter words, a foolish speech repeated, and after touch of wedded hands, they were worse than strangers.

The conventional courtesies exchanged between them only served to show the width of the gulf that divided them.

And yet Cupid, wronged, insulted as he was, was only banished; at a word, a sign, he would come back, his rosy, smiling self. But at Christmas it would be a year since the lovers quarrelled—a whole year.

For all that cold, beautiful face at which Lord Vereker looked across the flowers that night at dinner, the thoughts that dwelt in Myra's mind were tinged with a softness she herself was hardly conscious of—and they were of him!

Myra had been brought up in the old-fashioned atmosphere where purity of conduct is the result of correctness of thought, and not the reverse, as is common to-day, or she might have filled the emptiness of her life with a spurious pleasure such as the women of her world take like the cognac in their tea, or the tiny glass of vermouth to keep up their spirits.

And the man beside her would have given a good deal if the icily correct Lady Vereker—whose beauty was simply maddening—would have condescended to melt beneath his by no means perfectly hidden passion.

Sir Charles Forrester was quite aware of some little rift—he was a knight who had been too often engaged in the tournament of hearts but to know the signs; but when he entered the lists it was to win.

* * *

Our Poulterer's Note: "Plucked."

Certainly Myra and her Lord might very easily have played that game called Friendship, for the Baroness Stormberg, sitting now in smiling triumph by her host, had been a very old friend of his, when Noel Vereker was a young man, plucking his first ripe fruits—and she would not be at all averse to taking up the dropped threads if he were willing.

And Myra, glancing at the dark, insolent beauty by her husband, felt herself grow hot—and the man beside her, clever as he was, mistook the cause, and ventured to let his remarks be a little more personal in their trend.

And with two such skilled despoilers near at hand "the tiny pitted speck" was in great danger of widening quickly.

But that momentary softness had recalled Cupid, and when Sir Charles waxed unmistakably tender, Myra froze visibly.

And the Baroness made the mistake of growing reminiscent, and Lord Vereker jibbed. But unfortunately Myra only saw the invitation in the magnificent dark eyes, jealously blinding her so that she failed to observe that it was not accepted.

The "green eyed monster" sometimes (not intentionally, of course) works for weal and not for woe, and in this instance jealousy prompted Myra to do that which love had been powerless to accomplish—set about seeking a reconciliation. Hedwig Stormberg should never triumph, she would win him away from her, back to herself.

Little fool, she had never lost him! If she had, there could be no winning back. When once a man has found attraction elsewhere a wife's love may put on widow's weeds.

* * *

It was a real old-fashioned Christmas; just such a Christmas as the last. The snow lay white over hill and dale, hiding the bare branches, softening the rough outlines of the by no means picturesque cottages, and giving an artistic touch to the vulgarly ornate villa, which had set itself up in all its pretentiousness of newness exactly opposite the lodge gates of Lord Vereker's ancestral home.

The anniversary of their quarrel came round; Myra, putting the last touches to her gown, remembered the whole scene—the look of white anger on Noel's face when he turned from her, saying he would never forget—and she had laughed mockingly, crying:—

"What, not until the 'rose leaves of December the frosts of June shall fret'"—and then added, with the earnestness of anger on her own part—"Neither will I remember, Noel." And all that, and twelve month's estrangement, for a trifle not worth a second thought!

Myra sighed, then she smiled, for both should keep their word, and yet be reconciled each to each.

And the big old mirror that had seen so many lovely faces in its long life looked back at Mra—in her shimmering festive robes, with the big pearls about her throat and the diamond stars flashing in the masses of ruddy gold hair, above the twin stars of her eyes—and then Myra went down into the great hall, where the holly and ivy decked the old oak walls, and an immense bunch of mistletoe dangled from the rafters.

The hall was empty, but it was not long before she heard Noel's step.

She glanced from the frosted leaves that trailed across her azure gown from bodice to hem, to the cluster of roses that had bloomed in December in her hand, and wondered if he would understand—men were so strangely obtuse.

She looked up at the mistletoe, and smiled softly, she was tasting the sweets of victory before the rival army was even in sight.

A second more and husband and wife were face to face. Myra flushed, then paled before Noel's questioning eyes, which travelled from ruddy curls to silver slippered feet, noting, with a curious thrill through all his being, the look on the sweet proud face.

For once the man was equal to the occasion, and before Myra's trembling lips could whisper, "See, Noel, the rose-leaves of December," he had crushed the roses and the wearer in his arms, murmuring in the love tones of old, "Forgive me, dear."

And so under the mistletoe, the wedded sweethearts "kissed again with tears."

EVERYBODY SHOULD GO IN FOR "FIRSTS AND LASTS."

YOUR EDITOR'S GREETINGS.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

Some people imagine, or appear to imagine, that Charles Dickens created the Spirit of Christmas; but, as a matter of fact, it was rather, of course, the Spirit of Christmas that created Charles Dickens, inasmuch as it was its sweetness and strength that inspired much that was sweetest and strongest in all his work.

The Spirit of Christmas first got into his heart, and from his big heart, big as it was, it overflowed into his ink-pot, and stirred up the ink into which he dipped his pen—and that's how it got into some of his immortal pages, where it glows and glitters to this day, warming the breast while it waters the eye. Thank God the tears of pity never quench the fires of charity, but only make the flames leap higher and spread further and wider.

* * *

The Spirit of Christmas is no fantastic myth, but a real, live, operative influence. It does all sorts of things. It warms, it thaws, it rejuvenates, it illuminates, it cheers, it lifts, it pervades. Call it something in the air, if you like—that's just as good, and quite as unnecessary, a definition as any other. Who wants to be bothered with definitions at Christmas time?

"Everybody's getting it" already, for the wonderful something that makes the twenty-fifth day of December unlike any other day in the calendar crowds itself into the days that come before it.

Sursum corda! That's all you have to do. Lift up your hearts—your open hearts—and the Spirit of the Season will fill them.

* * *

Everybody gets closer to everybody else at Christmas. The rich reach to the poor; the palace doesn't seem such a long way from the cottage, the mansion from the bed-sitting room. An invisible, intangible link—forged in the flames of a fire which was set alight by Angels, long, long ago—locks class to class. The hymnal declaration of the Church that "We are not divided, All one body we," comes home to us at Christmas with the forcefulness of a felt fact.

And it's all the work of the Spirit of Christmas!

* * *

THE FAMILY FESTIVAL.

Essentially a family festival is this greatest festival of all the Christian year. Scattered sons and daughters travel far to spend its fleeting hours with "the old folks at home," and with each other—and the happiest, holiest experiences of life are these family re-unions. Rarely can every seat be filled—few are the home-circles unbroken by a single vacancy. But what a common thing does telepathy become at Christmas!

Without Marconi's aid, heart speaks to heart though leagues of unknown land and stormy sea divide. Love and memory carry far, and on their wings our distant dear ones come to us, and we go to them. And who shall say that there is not something more real than imagination, more solid than superstition, in the thought, the feeling, that even those who have passed for ever from the sight of our eyes and the sound of our voice and the touch of our hands, come near to us again as we think of them at Christmas, and recall the Christmases of the past?

* * *

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The old wish in the old words. Simple and trite as the latter are, they are freighted with sincerity and rich with the accumulated associations of ages; and I prefer them to any other words as the medium of my greeting from the Editorial sanctum to the world.

A Merry Christmas, good your Majesties! A Merry Christmas, lords spiritual and lords temporal! A Merry Christmas, gentlemen of the House of Commons! To every liege subject of King George, irrespective of class, creed, place, position, age and sex, *Modern Man*, with the right hand of good fellowship wide extended, whole-heartedly wishes a Merry Christmas, to be followed by a Happy New Year.

* * *

It is with the warmth of a feeling and sense of personal relationship that I offer to my own readers all the compliments and sentiments of the season. Every year their number increases, and I address this Christmas a far more extended circle of them than I have addressed on the approach of any previous Christmas in our career. I greet the whole collectively, and every unit of that great circle individually.

Particularly am I mindful of my readers and friends—for I hold every reader a friend—whom these words will be long in reaching. I mean my readers and friends overseas. As I remember them, so—I am glad and gratified to know—do they and will they remember me. Already kindly salutations and seasonable good wishes have reached me from many of them—some as distant from each other as from myself. In the fact that *Modern Man* is a link between the Old Country and the many new countries that hail her as the Motherland, I find encouragements.

* * *

THE YEAR OF CHANGES.

We all have a weakness for looking back, of taking stock, as it were, of the world between December and December, and it certainly cannot be said that the last twelve months have failed to provide us with plenty to talk about in the way of everyday happenings. Since last December we have seen many changes, many alterations in public and private life.

Some of these have been regarded as advantageous, others as extremely regrettable, while a number, perhaps, have been looked upon in the "wait and see" kind of spirit.

Things have been done by an individual, or individuals, which have stirred up bitter resentment and given rise to the most gloomy forebodings. On the other hand, changes have been effected which have met practically with general approbation.

That it is impossible to please everybody is a time worn and universally admitted truism, but it is always gratifying to know that, whilst acknowledging and admiring sincerity, numerically the "No's" are weak.

This has led me up to the point where I wish, for the time being, to part company with generalities and to pen some remarks about *Modern Man*, of which I have the pleasure of being Editor.

Early in the present year *Modern Man* determined upon many changes. We live in an age when one must *not* stand still. To be a force one needs to move with the times, to be ever on the alert, and for the proper influence of *Modern Man* to be felt, it was decided that a number of alterations were imperative.

* * *

READERS AND THEIR MESSAGES.

How far these have been justified is proved by the thousands of letters I have received from old readers and new readers in all parts of the British Isles and abroad. At first a limited number of my friends seriously questioned the wisdom of new departures, but since then most of them have been kind enough to admit that to-day *Modern Man* is serving a better purpose than ever.

As I write, I have before me a batch of letters, just received from supporters at home and across the seas, and I feel that I cannot do better than give a few extracts from them.

"W. J." (Plymouth) says: It is the first time I have written you because I have only been a reader of *Modern Man* for three or four weeks. Being a footballer, my attention was drawn to the paper by the announcement "£250 for Football Results," and I got a copy. I hadn't the least idea that *Modern Man* was so interesting. It is splendid. I wish you every success. You certainly deserve it."

"R. L.," in ordering a *Modern Man* League tie-pin to be sent to him in Western Australia, writes: I take this opportunity of wishing you a merry Christmas, and of telling you how much I like *Modern Man* as it is to-day. I am an old reader, having commenced to take the paper when at home in London, dear old London! Am quite happy and doing well out here, but I hope to pay a visit to the old country someday."

In a letter from South America, "T. B." acknowledges *Modern Man* to be A1. "You do," he said "hit out straight when occasion demands it, and you must be doing a lot of good. The best of luck to you."

Once more to my legion of subscribers and supporters at home and abroad, ashore and afloat, a right Merry Christmas!

YOUR EDITOR.

SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

SLATE CLUB SWINDLES.

A HAPHAZARD SYSTEM OF FINANCE.

It will surprise a good many of our readers to learn that there are no fewer than ten thousand slate clubs in this country, with a total membership of a million and a half. They vary in importance from huge concerns like the New Tabernacle, Old Street, with somewhere about twelve thousand members, down to little pot-house affairs with a score or so of frequenters who each put aside a penny or twopence weekly with the object of getting a big "bust" on Christmas Day.

A Comparison.

In principle, the Slate Club is an excellent institution, encouraging thrift, and at its worst providing a comfortable little lump sum to buy a fat goose and a plum pudding for the Christmas festivity. The big affairs, such as the New Tabernacle, the Ebenezer of Birmingham, the Caledonian, and others that might be mentioned, are something better than this. They are true friendly societies, which pay weekly sums to sick members, provide funeral expenses, and are, in fact, mutual insurance societies for the working classes. They are, most of them, managed on business lines, and worthy of all commendation.

Very different is the case with the smaller clubs, ephemeral affairs, most of them, and usually got up and managed by interested parties. While the larger societies are registered and can, of course, only invest their funds in gilt-edged securities, these smaller clubs are run on the loosest lines. For instance, one has been known to hand its money week by week throughout the year to a tea merchant, simply because he promised three per cent. instead of the two-and-a-half given by the Post Office Savings Bank.

The man went bankrupt a few weeks before Christmas, and the unfortunate contributors lost their little all.

Missing Treasurers.

As we have said, the Slate Club swindle is a hardy annual. You can hardly pick up a newspaper during Christmas week without noticing some such heading as "Christmas Club Losses," "Slate Club Treasurer Missing."

One of the biggest losses of the kind occurred just before Christmas, 1906, when the treasurer of a Church Institute Slate Club at Upper Tooting disappeared with something like two thousand pounds. On the same day two Slate Club treasurers at Sheffield took French leave, and at Colchester a woman treasurer of a similar institution drowned herself because she could not fulfil her obligations.

In this latter case the woman had run the club for sixteen years in succession. She had a small grocery business, and apparently times were bad, and she borrowed the club money to try and tide over her difficulties.

Where Trouble Arises.

The vast majority of the smaller Slate Clubs are worked in connection with public houses, and if the landlord be treasurer a general rule is that he has to keep a separate pass book and produce it once a week for the benefit of members. In such case the members' money is safe. If the landlord defaulted, his license would go.

Where the landlord is not treasurer, and one of the members is deputed to take care of the money, that is where trouble arises. He is under no supervision, and there is no effective control over him.

Chosen generally for his personal popularity, he probably has no notion of business, and even if he means well, he is liable to get robbed or swindled out of the money deposited with him.

The scandal has of late years attained such serious proportions that it is quite time public attention was directed to the haphazard methods of finance that are all too common. The loss of many months' savings is a terrible blow to a man whose whole wage is a pound a week or less, and in many cases results in cruel suffering.

Some Pitiful Tales.

Pitiful tales were told by members of the Help One Another Society, an East End club, whose treasurer defaulted two Christmases ago, with over a thousand pounds.

Three daughters, who had jointly £12 in the Society, were looking forward to the money to pay mourning orders consequent on the death of their mother. A widower lost £2 with which he had promised to supply his children with new boots. One family of five members lost in all no less than £25 saved out of a total income of under £3 a week!

HER HUSBAND'S TRAINER.

At an Exhibition to be held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, there will be demonstrations as to how husbands and wives should greet one another.

SCOTTISH READER WINS "FIRSTS AND LASTS"—FIRST PRIZE.

THE MAN WHO LAPSED.

SEQUEL TO A WANDERER'S RETURN.

The man passed along the road between the skeleton hedges on that Christmas Eve with the steady purposeful walk that is one of the incongruities of the tramp, till a turning brought him within sight of the beginning of a suburb and a substantial-sized house standing back in a shrub-filled garden.

Here, realised the tramp, he would in all probability obtain the fourpence for his "kip," about which he had been idly speculating for the last hour. At such a season of the year even curmudgeons were disposed to be generous; and the only trouble was the possibility of a dog.

However, there was none in sight, and he passed through the gate and along the gravel path to the side door, where he knocked and waited.

The maid who answered his summons was uncommonly pretty and Christmassy, he thought, and he glimpsed beyond her at the comfortable hall, decorated with holly and mistletoe, a sight which awoke in him twinges of reminiscent regret.

As he had expected, she took his hunger for granted, and he philosophically chewed some of the bread and meat she gave him before asking her casually if she could help him to get his night's lodging.

He was deferential, without being servile, and she tripped off to ask the "missis." By the time she was back again he had stowed the bread and meat in his pocket; and he took the proffered sixpence with a smile of thanks.

"Ask him if he'll have a cup of tea," called a fresh feminine voice from the interior.

The tramp stiffened and dropped the sixpence; then stooped to pick it up; and as he rose turned and walked swiftly away.

"Won't you?" called the girl; but she got no answer.

"He went ever so quick," she explained to the young woman who came out of one of the rooms. "And he was so polite at first."

The young woman went to the door and glanced casually at the retreating figure. Then she started.

"Dick!" she called, and ran down the path. "Dick!"

The tramp slowed up—hesitated—then reluctantly turned his head. She beckoned him.

For quite a minute he stood motionless, watching her as she waited at the gate. Then he went back to her slowly. His lips were quite colourless, and his eyes were strained, but he contrived to smile as he lifted his ragged cap.

"Oh, Dick!" she said; and the smile left his face suddenly.

"I—a—suppose I ought to say 'How d'you do,'" he said. "But the surprise of this meeting is rather—staggering."

She looked away from him and half turned. "Come in," she said hurriedly.

"No," he said, curtly. "Thank you," he added, as an afterthought.

The afternoon light was waning. There was a grey stark look over the waiting countryside.

"Well, I'll walk a little way with you. Shall I? Wait just a minute while I pop on a hat." She ran off before he could reply.

As the tramp strolled a little way along the road he was drawing in his breath in hisses, like a man plunged suddenly into cold water.

Her quick steps sounded behind him, but he did not turn, and they walked for a time without speaking.

"I hadn't heard ——" he began at last, with successful calm. "You see, I've been at the other end of England for a long time."

"Yes," she said; "three years is a long time, isn't it?"

"It is," he agreed; and watched the way her neatly-shod feet met the ground. She had always walked so prettily.

A silence followed.

"That's—a—a comfortable sort of house there," he ventured presently.

"Yes—isn't it?"

"I suppose if you want to, you can get into London fairly quickly?"

"Oh, easily. There are plenty of trains."

Although he was staring straight ahead, he could still see her shoes, and involuntarily he pulled himself together and walked firmly. But his own boots were loose on his feet, and soon he found himself tramping again. What should he say next?

"We have Christmas here again," he said. "How soon it comes round."

She made no answer.

"Christmas," he repeated, and the tang of memory crept into his voice.

"You went away at Christmas-time—didn't you?" she said. She had not meant it, but the tone was one of quiet condemnation.

"Yes," he said. The thought went through him that to leave her at Christmas, the season of peace and good will—to break from her for no better reason than a lover's quarrel, and depart God knew whither, never afterwards communicating, was a wrong to be ashamed of, an evil to be expiated in scourgings and bitter repentance.

"And—did you—walk?" she said after a pause, with difficulty.

"Yes," she said.

"From the beginning?"

"Yes, from the beginning."

"And you didn't work?"

"No! I didn't work," he said steadily. He plunged along now with the uncertainty of a drunken man.

"And I thought you were strong," she said simply.

He stopped and faced her. They were alone now on the bare road. The trees lining either side made a canopy above their heads, their gaunt arms touching. It was as though they stood in the skeleton of a cathedral.

Her eyes were dry, but she looked very tired.

"Mary," he said; his tongue refused to say more. His face entreated her. She took hold of him by the arms above the elbows, as if to support him. She could feel his body jerk under the passion of his vehemence. He went on after a struggle. "I'll change—from now—if you'll only believe I can."

"Of course you can," she said, smiling bravely.

"You believe it—really?"

"I believe it with all my heart."

His face twitched, and then it became strong. Her hands fell away from him.

"I'll make a man of myself yet," he said.

He half turned to go. So they stood for a few moments, and into her countenance stole a look of pleading wistfulness, as if she would fain say something to him, but knew not how.

"There are two little children at the house," finally she uttered softly; "the dearest little things. And there are others coming to-morrow, for a regular old Christmas romp. Won't you come too? You are always so good with children."

He made a gesture which embraced all the humiliation of his attire. "How can I?" he said.

"Nobody will know you. They are none of them people whom we knew when we knew each other. I could lend you some money. Oh, please," she said. "When it means so much to me. And to you as well. Can't we be unconventional—just to show that we're braver than circumstances?" She laughed a little, to prove that she was brave in reality. "You can pay me back later on, you know. Easily."

He was pierced right through to the heart. He looked at her as a man will look at a sacred picture. "I will do anything that you like," he said.

"Then go on to the town, which is only two miles away. I will wire you five pounds to the post-office there. Nobody will know anything about it. And come to dinner to-morrow. Mind you come early, so as to be introduced to the chicks. I am sure you will love them."

"I am sure to love anyone who belongs to you," he said.

"Me?" she exclaimed. He watched her expression with wonderment. "Oh, dear," she laughed. His breathing stopped.

"Dick!" she said quickly. "Oh, Dick! I'm not married! I'm only staying there with a friend."

"Oh," he said with a gasp.

"And you thought that?" she cried all radiant. "And promised before you knew."

And she cried with gladness.

6/6 FOR NOTHING IS WHAT YOUR EDITOR OFFERS YOU.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

Who is the highly respected chartered accountant, residing in the neighbourhood of Barnes, who, unknown to his wife, is now taking about a girl, employed in a local tobacconist's and newsagent's, under the pretence that he is a single man?

* * *

What do the congregation of a rural parish think of their vicar now that he has been mulcted in heavy damages as co-respondent in a recent divorce action?

* * *

Who was the younger son of a noble house, who cannoned into a distinguished Royal personage when both were watching a team of horses at exercise at Newmarket last week? And is it not a fact that the regrettable mishap was really the fault of the R. p., who was riding on the wrong side of the string?

* * *

We wonder whether a certain retired officer of the Royal Navy is not wishing very fervently just now that he had not recently taken a strange damsel for a taxi-cab ride at night round and round St. James's Park.

* * *

Who is the last season's débutante who shows such obvious irritation when one of her girl friends hums "Do You Remember the Last Waltz?"—and what is her reason?

* * *

We wonder how much longer the proprietors of a daily illustrated paper will look with a lenient eye on the nocturnal revels of a prominent member of their staff at a well-known literary club in Fleet Street?

* * *

Who is the actor who is continually boasting of his discovery of a dodge whereby he can travel backwards and forwards between his home at Pinner, Middlesex, and Marylebone, without purchasing a ticket? And how long will it be before the G.C.R. discover his ingenuity?

* * *

Look out for divorce proceedings soon, in which an actress will accuse her actor-husband of infidelity with a lady journalist who has been "interviewing" him rather frequently in his dressing-room lately.

* * *

How was it that a drunken man fell down four flights of stone steps, from a flat at Wimbledon, as far as the entrance-floor a few nights ago? And is it true that someone pushed him? And if so, who was it—and why?

* * *

In view of the fact that a married man of family is now trying to "marry" some women with money, through a certain matrimonial agency, we may perhaps advise the promoter of the agency in question to make more searching enquiries into the *bona fides* of his clients.

* * *

Or can it be that, in some of these amorous contracts, the solemnisation of the marriage ceremony is not insisted upon?

* * *

Why is the Burlington Arcade now being given the nickname of the "Pooms' Parade"?

* * *

Who was the smartly attired "lad of the village" who entered a taxi with "one of the girls"—equally gorgeously arrayed, deftly contrived to unclasp a pearl necklace from her throat without her noticing it, and afterwards pawned it in a North London district?

* * *

Why do the proprietors of a restaurant in Wardour Street, while keeping their charges very moderate during the day, allow themselves to put such exorbitant values on their wares late at night, when 7*s.* for half a small lobster is no uncommon demand?

* * *

Who is the gilded youth, with chambers in the Albany, who has recently included "a dozen silk camisoles, trimmed Valenciennes lace" (vide catalogue) among his Christmas purchases for this year?—and who is the lucky recipient?

* * *

Is it not a fact that one of our lesser actresses, who was not long ago divorced by her playwright husband, is now anxious to get him to forgive and re-marry her? And if he did, would not one more figure be added to the already very large total of the world's fools?

* * *

What is the charge being made by a publican, in a Western suburb, for admission to his cellar on a certain night in each week, when fistic contests with the "raw 'uns" takes place secretly between first-rate bruisers?

* * *

Who is the sportsman who swam across the Thames at Mortlake from the Surrey to the Middlesex side, and back, the other night between ten and eleven? And what was the sum—if any—attendant upon this natatorial performance?

* * *

What is the fighting-weight of the irate Austrian who is now expressing his anxiety to challenge to a duel—of some kind or other—the writer of a recent paragraph in this paper regarding his august Emperor?

* * *

How did a prominent amateur boxer and referee acquire the highly artistic blue sinister optic which he displayed—though unwillingly—to the other diners at the Café Royal, the other night?

* * *

How did a certain stockbroker's wife obtain the address of the bijou flat at St. John's Wood, which her husband was in the habit of visiting? And would it not be advisable in future for him to keep his correspondence locked up—and not in the inner breast pockets of his coat?

* * *

Why was a certain seed-merchant so angry the other day, when a strange voice rang him up on the 'phone and put a waggish question about bald-heads?

* * *

Look out for some further sensational information very soon, regarding corruption in certain quarters of amateur Rugby football.

* * *

We should like to invent a new kind of boiling-oil torture for the rascals who employ poor out-of-works to canvass their trumpery Christmas cards, on commission alone, and have the disgusting effrontery to render them liable for bad debts.

* * *

We warn a certain Dorsetshire landowner that if the same sort of things go on at his Christmas house-party this year as they did last December, there will in all probability be trouble with the police.

* * *

How is it that a very impecunious officer, stationed in India, manages to send his wife home so often, invariably travelling first-class? And is it not a strange coincidence that, on each occasion so far, she has had the companionship on board of a certain wealthy tea-planter?

FOR "FIRSTS AND LASTS" PRIZE WINNERS, SEE PAGE 1677.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. XXI.—FINE FOLLY.

By
ADAM STERN.
Author of the popular Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

A Christmas party was in progress at the house of the Brand's, Mountwere, Sussex. Mildred Brand, escaping from the romping children who seemed tireless in the ball-room, made her way to one of the morning-rooms which overlooked the drive, and there stood, with her fists pressed down on the window-sill, staring through the lattice panes at the glitter of frost and moonlight outside.

There was no light in the little room save the steady red glow from the artificial fire in the fire-place. It tinged her dusky hair and outlined her slim figure, peerlessly clad in a simple evening frock. Girl though she was, she had yet the essence of womanhood. Her skin was like ivory, her eyes deep-blue, like the sapphire blue of a summer's night.

Slowly her breast heaved. There was a haggard sort of weariness in the way she looked through the window.

She was disturbed by the sound of the door being softly opened. She saw Ellen Kane had come in—Dunlop Kane's favourite sister. The Kanes were among the guests, from parents down to youngest boy and girl. Only Dunlop himself was absent.

"I thought I'd missed you," said Ellen. "Aren't you feeling well, Mildred?"

"I'm all right," said Mildred.

"The wretches pull one about so, especially those awful boys. Is there a glass here? My hair's a perfect fright."

She stood with agile fingers before the mirror above the fireplace. Her cheeks were flushed, she had been enjoying herself thoroughly, but all the same there was anxiety in her eyes.

"Coming soon?" she asked lightly.

"In a minute," replied Mildred, still standing at the window. She sounded composed, but Ellen was not satisfied. She crept up to her and peeped round into her face. Mildred was dry-eyed.

The intimacy between girls permits of a lot of irrelevance. Ellen suddenly became vicous; she clenched her hands and stamped her foot.

"He's a horrid unkind brute!" she said. "It's perfectly unnecessary! He ought to be jolly well ashamed of himself."

"Why?" asked Mildred, coolly. Both knew, without saying it, who was the person referred to. "There is no necessity for him to come, if he feels that he doesn't want to. I didn't invite him, it was mother who insisted on it. She said you'd all of you come for years, and she wasn't going to leave him out, in spite of his being on the stilts of dignity!"

"Wise mother!" said Ellen. "And you want him to come, only you're too proud to own up."

"I don," said Mildred, levelly; "I've given up thinking about him."

Ellen narrowed her eyes, and though they shone with affection there was derision in them too.

"You old fib!" she cried; "but it's no good talking. Don't stop moping here, darling—do come along soon." They were economical with caresses; she threw a bright glance over her shoulder and ran away lightly from the room.

Mildred stood throbbing; the likeness of brother to sister was intense. He had not written to her once in the whole twelve months. Only once had they met—in Prosing's Emporium—and so cold had been their colloquy that the memory was numb in her brain. She turned with a droop of weariness to the window, and in a moment of involuntary abandonment bowed her head till her forehead rested on the sill.

Dunlop Kane, coming up the drive at that instant—he had walked alone from the station—halted very suddenly and looked up at the red-tinged panes.

"Dear God," he breathed. He had been blithe before; he pursued his way towards the house, hushed.

* * *

Ellen was radiant when she heard that her brother had come. She went out into the hall to greet him, but he could only spare her a smile from the clamorous throng which assaulted him beneath the mistletoe. He reminded her of Gulliver, with the sashed little maidens Lilliputians.

She ran upstairs to tell Mildred; but desisted halfway, suddenly deciding that she would prefer to let them meet unprepared. She managed, meanwhile, to filch a moment with Dunlop.

"So you've come after all? I never thought you would."

"I didn't think I should—but impulse overcame me. I sat in my solitary rooms staring loneliness in his ugly face, and suddenly I pictured you all, and that was enough, down I came."

"To see Mildred?" she queried.

"Not especially for that, though, of course, I shall see her. I hope she's all right." His tone was quite normal. His was that invincible pride which, never aware of itself, is constantly wondering at the unaccountable annoyance it arouses in others. She could have boxed his ears at that moment, and he could tell it by the look of her.

"She's perfectly well, but it's no thanks to you. Dunny, don't be an awful idiot, now, this time—will you? But do make it up with her. What's the use of your both being miserable?"

"I'm not miserable," he contradicted her.

"Of course you are. Or if you're not you certainly ought to be. Why should you be so wrapped up in that wretched business? Business isn't everything in life, dear."

"It isn't," he said, "but something to do is. There are certain circumstances in the case which even a clever little sister like you can hardly be expected to appreciate."

"Stuff!" she said. "But ssh! here's Mildred! Doesn't she look exquisite!" Beyond a slight access of colour, the girl betrayed no emotion. Ellen slipped away, not sure of her ground between them.

Mildred said steadily "It's good of you to come," but suddenly her glance wandered and colour mounted riotously in her cheeks. For he was looking at her with a burning intensity, and his lips, hard shut, were white.

"Will you," he asked quietly, "take me to the room which lately you've come from? If there's no one there I would like to have a talk with you."

"About what?" she asked.

"I'll tell you when we're there."

Her breast quivered uncertainly. She had the look of something that is trapped.

"I wish it . . now," he insisted slowly; and abruptly it came to her, too, that she too could not tolerate delay.

They went in silence. He pushed to the door.

"Why were you crying at that window when I came by a few minutes ago?" he said.

"Crying? Why should I cry? What do you mean . . . I'm not given to weakness of that sort. Oh! that's cowardly of you," she cried. "To spy on me and then accuse me of it. It's not fair! Do you think I was crying for you?"

"I hope so," he said gently. "I pray my God it was for no one else."

He went over slowly and laid his hands on her shoulders.

"One of us must surrender," he said, "and should it be me? You object to trade: I have chosen it as my calling. Either a man dignifies his work or allows it to degrade him. I don't feel lowered . . . What does it matter after all the form that the work takes so long as it's straight and has scope. If I told you the scope that I foresee for myself you'd call me the boldest man you know."

"I do," she said, with a smile that slightly trembled. After all it did not matter so much what he said.

He realised it, and kissed her.

(Another complete story next week.)

SHOULD WOMEN SMOKE?

Should women smoke? Why, yes, if their intentions
Run on those lines, and are not idle brag;
Why should they not defy the staid conventions
And in their bedrooms puff a harmless fag?

What though the ash should spoil the Brussels carpet,
Curtains and linen have an odour stale?
These pretty trifles, here let us remark it,
Carry no weight when solace they inhale.

Yet still one point there is, we cannot gainsay—
When late in life their spirits seem to flag,
Won't they look pretty standing in the doorway
Smoking a pipe and half an ounce of shag?

THERE IS FUN IN OUR FREE "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

THE VILLAGERS' GREAT DAY.

JOYS OF CHRISTMAS FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

If ever one desired a convincing and unanswerable argument in favour of the theory of telepathy, or the conveyance of an idea, a sentiment from one mind to another, without the use of speech or physical signs, then Christmas morning would surely supply such an argument and such a proof.

The Yuletide Spirit.

For at no other time of the year does a particular feeling, idea, spirit—call it what you will—spread so rapidly and easily, and silently, and willingly, from mind to mind, from heart to heart, as "the Christmas feeling." Go where you will, you seem to see in the faces and movements, and to read in the minds of everyone you meet, this Christmas spirit which has suddenly taken possession of every man, woman, and child.

Those people you saw shopping a few days ago, who looked so obviously happy, and about whom you made a remark to your companion, were certainly of the same opinion about you, and if they happened to notice you it is certain that they remarked the same thing about you.

The Christmas spirit has spread, then, to everybody. And if it is more easily seen in great cities where there are more signs of the time, and where there is a sort of infectious gaiety, it is no less obvious in the remotest country where it is unusual to meet four people in a morning's walk when once outside the bounds of the village.

A Mysterious Influence.

But surely enough, the Christmas spirit has found its way out here, into the very fields where probably no human being has walked since harvest time three months ago.

There is something in the air on Christmas morning that is the result of all this Christmas activity on the part of the people.

The moment you wake the day seems to have a special character. The garden seems different, no matter what the weather, and the countryside has caught something of the mysterious influence also.

The village Christmas is to me, and to many, the ideal Christmas. This may be because in a village we are a smaller family, and have a greater sense of family relationship; and though one may not always be on more than nodding terms with some of one's neighbours at ordinary seasons, there is to-day a sort of fellowship that breaks down, without offence, all stiffness and conventionality, and makes us brother to the world.

If the weather, too, be in accordance with tradition, and turns up on Christmas morning with a touch of frost, a hard, high, resounding road, and a pattern of ice on the window pane, so much the better. A little haze over the fields, a still air, a white dressing of frost in the fields and lawn, and a crisp, sharp air, with a bright sun, are also most acceptable.

An Ideal Setting.

Best of all it is when the presents have been opened and discussed, and some of the extra good things sampled, before a crackling log fire, and a sense of warmth and comfort spreads over everybody as the afternoon draws on, to see from the window a gentle fall of snow!

Then, indeed, is the setting for Christmas an ideal one. The flakes fall silently, gradually covering up the paths, and mounting slowly above the grass. Indoors the logs are piled high, the lamps are lighted, shadows flicker over the warm walls glowing in the firelight, and now and again someone ventures out and returns with the news that it is still snowing, and that there are already two inches of it on the road!

But the morning was fine and bright, and the sharp walk through the village, while yet the road was hard and dry and bare, was one of the most delightful experiences of the day. The old-fashioned Christmas had its joys—for those who read of them, or remember them. The snowed-up coach was, perhaps, not an unmixed terror when a roomy, oak-beamed, warmed old wayside inn happened to be within a short distance, and when a rosy, well-fed, genial innkeeper, half expecting some such an affair, had the fires made extra high, and a long table spread with sweet cloths and sparkling glass and plate, on which the turkey, and roast beef, and plum-pudding steamed, and were altogether perfect.

But in the village there is greater pleasure if Christmas morning dawns bright and crisp, so that the great walk can be enjoyed.

Down the village there must be a seasonable and good-hearted word with everyone who is visible; and there are many people about this morning, for holidays are rare in the country, and friends are making rounds of visits that are often "return calls" made a year ago. "Merry Christmas" is on everybody's lips, and is said as if it comes from everybody's heart.

This morning, too, there is a larger congregation in the ancient, heavy-walled, old village church than ever assembled on Sunday. There are profuse decorations. Holly and laurel, and some yew, and any other evergreens available in the district, are arranged in every deep-set window-sill; the pulpit is hidden behind screens of laurel leaves, and round the massive pillars are twined festoons of leaves.

Texts in red and white, sparkling with homely imitation frost, adorn the arches and the bare spaces of wall; and away on the little altar are a few chrysanthemums sent from the squire's large garden.

The village people come well muffled up, their warm breaths making mist as it strikes the chill air in the building. And if the old stove does smoke a bit, well, it only adds to the homeliness of the occasion.

After the Service.

The service is brief, for there are dinners waiting. Outside the church there are more greetings between neighbours, and then, with the key in the pocket of his broadcloth suit, the sexton is the last to leave, and the village street is deserted.

It is just about this time that there are anxious glances out of windows from some of the cottages where there are "old folks at home." The village lies three miles from a railway station, and the one Sunday morning train does not reach us until after mid-day.

There are family gatherings taking place, even in our little village. Sons and daughters who have left the farm and local service, and have gone to the cities, make this the day for a great family reunion.

And so it happens that as dinner is ready there are a few late comers walking hurriedly down the road, with bags and parcels; and sometimes with a baby in arms. There is great excitement over "this return of the native" to his old cottage home, and there is enough to talk about to last the family circle far into the night.

Further Relaxation.

To-morrow there will follow a round of visits to old friends and there will be an exchange of much news of town and country, and homely hospitality will be generous and warm-hearted. Then, perhaps, by the evening train the visitors will return, and the village will resume its normal workaday aspect again, until the eve of the New Year brings another brief time of relaxation.

Indeed, there are few things more cheering and cheerful than a Christmas visit to cottager or farmer, and for the love of a country life there can be no question that Christmas in the country far outruns the same season in the towns in an infinite variety of ways.

Out here we are indifferent to the town's brilliant light and extravagant feasting and merry-making. We make up for the lack of elaborate trappings with an abundance of simple heartiness, and instituted generosity with such things as we have to offer.

THE MISTLETOE'S COMPLAINT.

I never have a moment's rest;
The Druids used to bore me
By singing songs, they were a pest,
And bowing low before me.

And now in times more up-to-date
The youths and maids, when meeting,
Kiss under me (a thing I hate)
By way of Christmas greeting.

From morn till night I'm never free;
I think it would be jolly
If they, instead of troubling me,
Would kiss beneath the holly!

YOU CAN BEGIN OUR THRILLING MELODRAMA, "SIN," TO-DAY.

THE SHADOW.

By E. Wade Lang.

Lips shut tight, eyes strained, with nostrils dilated like an animal expecting attack, he went through his day's work, overhung by the shadow which never seemed to lift. The shadow which struck terror into his heart.

His wife had remarked the change in him. At one time there had been no happier man in the road, ever ready with his quip and jest, the best of husbands and the best of fathers. His youngest child he simply worshipped. "A chip off the old block"e is," he would chuckle delightfully. "Just like the way I used to cheek our old man!"

But now he could not bear them near him: he snapped at the children if they attempted to make free with him. And he swore at his wife with a bitter and unrestrained impotence.

She said to him one night—

"Strike me blind if I don't pack up and leave you if you don't tell me what's come over you!"

He told her she could go. His voice had the thin high note of hysteria. She went on her knees and clung to one of his hands.

"Bill, is it trouble about money? If you'll only own up, I swear I won't say a word."

"There's nothing the matter. I don't owe a shilling. Only leave me alone."

"Or if it's a woman— I could even forgive that."

"Oh, my God," he said, getting up. "Do you want to drive me mad?"

He put on his hat and went out.

* * *

The conviction overcame him that if he did not remove the shadow something terrible and irreparable would occur. He went into the office one day and had an interview with his employer.

"I can't stick this job, sir. I'm very sorry. Something's come over me. I shall have to give it up."

"Why, what's the matter, Williams? You're surely not serious? Come, man, don't do anything foolish!"

"I'm very sorry, sir: I can't help it. I feel driven to it. I simply can't go on."

"But tell me exactly what's the matter with you?"

"I don't know, sir. It's a sort of shadow. Something threatening me. I'm beginning to get frightened."

"Nonsense, man. You're a bit run down. You must fight against these fancies, you know. Nerves are the modern curse."

"I'm very sorry, sir ——"

"And what are your plans if you do leave here? Jobs are not easy to get, you know. And you are a married man with children, I understand."

"Yes, sir." The man's glance was lowered. He spoke very low. "That's the trouble, sir," he said.

"Well, try and pull yourself together. We don't want to lose you—you're one of the best men we've got. And come and see me again in the course of a few weeks. Perhaps when things are a bit slacker we shall be able to give you a holiday."

The man looked long at him, with a pleading, unlistening gaze. He turned and went away.

* * *

The boy came running very fast down the side street from school and out into the middle of the main road. He swerved, doubled, screamed and fell. The thunderer went over him.

The driver of the 'bus, with a contorted face and a hand tearing madly at the brakes, pulled the vehicle to a stop. He said, in a voice of death: "It's come—at last."

Livid and shining with sweat, he climbed from his seat, and pushed through the throng who were gathered round the mangled thing. The cruel studded wheel had gone clean over the child's back. The little face, twisted up, was daubed with mud, with the lips drawn tight in agony.

The 'bus-driver bent down. He suddenly started up, and, throwing up his arms, pressed them shuddering across his face.

"My own son," he cried aloud. "My little kid!"

TABLOID TOPICS.

Some Pithy Pen Points.

Merry-making is often an act of repentance on the part of those who have been miserable all the year round.

* * *

The Drury Lane pantomime will contain 600 performers. The House of Commons beats this by 70.

* * *

Christmas discovers a multitude of friends.

* * *

Mr. George Lansbury has lost £400 a year through resigning his seat in Parliament. Women were always an expensive luxury.

* * *

The man who sends you a box of cigars is not always the best of friends.

* * *

"Many women," says the *Daily Mirror*, "are revolting against low-cut evening dresses." "Against" is obviously a miss-print for "in."

* * *

The mistletoe is often the first chapter of a romance, and father's toe the last.

* * *

The Turks are continually in hot water.—Turkish baths, in fact.

* * *

To a good many people Boxing Day means a tight fist.

* * *

Wooden bullets were said to have been found on the Balkan battlefield? Was it a "hoax" bulletin?

* * *

Christmas bells—Yuletide; Christmas belles—You'll be tied. Embraces "altar" circumstances.

* * *

The latest Suffragette pillar-box outrage is evidently the first step in the wholesale destruction of the males. If these women are unsexed, men might retaliate by attacking the fate fee-males.

* * *

A new combination of Underground railways has led to a new complaint—Tubular-colossus.

* * *

Several forest-bred lions will take part in a playlet to be produced at an East Ham music-hall. The production should be a roaring success and a triumph for stage "managerie."

* * *

The war seems to be "drawing" to a close. The Turkish fag end is scented already.

* * *

An important discovery of gold has been made on the Abergwynant estate, North Wales. How far is this from Mr. Lloyd George's home?

* * *

Christmas is an old custom—but it makes new customers every year.

* * *

Three stone statues of unknown kings have been erected at the members' entrance to Westminster Hall. This is not the first time Lloyd George, Carson, and Redmond have sought to hide their identity.

* * *

A moving staircase, similar to the one at Liverpool Street Station, is shortly to be instaled at Oxford Circus Station. I know a man who swears he saw one there last Saturday night on his way home from the club.

* * *

One of the suffragettes charged at Aberdeen pulled off a shoe and hurled it at the magistrate. She might have put her foot into it.

* * *

"Are bald-headed husbands best?" is one of the latest queries. Mr. George R. Sims says "Yes, for me."

* * *

Mr. John Masefield's poem, "The Everlasting Mercy," has been awarded the de Polignac prize of £100 for the most literature of the year. Some other poets deserve more for the everlasting mercy that they have not written.

* * *

"The Insurance Act is working like clockwork"—Mr. Lloyd George, at Kirkcaldy. Perhaps that is why the other party is so anxious to wind it up.

YOU WANT MONEY—WIN OUR £250.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 22: SIR JOSEPH LYONS.

The man whom we present to our readers this week is one of the most forceful men in the world at the present day. Business acumen, sustained endeavour, and a gripping personality are the qualities that have "made" Sir Joseph Lyons.

Sir Joseph is a man who "lives" every minute of his life. He gets every ounce out of it, whether for business, sport, or pleasure. He is thorough in everything. Go into his little office, neatly but not luxuriously furnished, tucked away at the Trocadero; and even though he may not be speaking or doing anything apparently very important at the moment, you will be struck on the instant with the recognition that work, sound, solid work, big with potentialities, is being done in that room. Sir Joseph's mind is working—and to-morrow—who knows?—some mighty hotel may begin to rear its imposing shape in the West End of London, the first act of a melodrama may find expression in manuscript, or the inscription "Finis" may be appended to the sheets of his latest novel.

It is this essentially "live" spirit that has carried Sir Joseph Lyons to the top of the tree—and it is the same spirit that is keeping him there.

Business force is, however, only one side of his character. In his office he is one man, at play he is another. An ardent motorist, he nevertheless is innocent of the fault of the average owner of cars—excessive speed. He recognises the rights of the pedestrian. If he had not taken up catering as a profession, he might now be an illustrious R.A., for at one time he was a "pro." artist, exhibiting his works at various exhibitions. He is also a writer of considerable attainments, part author of "The Master Crime" and "Treasures of The Temple."

THE FOOTBALL COMPETITION IS QUITE FREE.

HOW THE SHIP GOT HOME.

A TALE OF THE SEA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

If another week brought the brig within sight of the white cliffs of Old England she might get home for Christmas, though adverse winds and bad weather were not the only obstacles to be dreaded, for war was raging on sea and land, and there were ships of enemies to fear. What a prize, what a catch, what a Christmas-box, the richly laden "Warwick Castle" would make for any one of them!

"Will she do it?" was the question that filled every heart on board, "will she do it?" meaning "will she fetch the Tyne before Christmas?" The chance was the only one that many of her complement of officers and men had had for years of spending Christmas at home. Poor fellows!

How all longed for a spell on shore. Six months already had lasted the homeward-bound passage from the Australias, only broken by brief though many calls at the spicy islands of the far Pacific. What a time they would have of it—with wives and little ones, friends and sweethearts—if only they could get the ship home for Christmas!

When the wind fell, hope fell; when the wind rose, hope rose. But it was when wind was high and hope was highest that the latter fell lowest, for beyond any doubt the sail that had been sighted at dawn, far astern, bringing the breeze with her, was a French privateersman. In the early morning this thought of her character was a suspicion; at noon, a conviction; before the early December dusk, a certainty. The breeze had stiffened from the south, but Captain Cardigan crowded on canvas till the "Warwick Castle" staggered under her weight aloft. Over and over again she buried her bows as she leaped through the foaming surge.

Sturdy young George Beverton, second in command, brave sailorman though he was, looked anxiously up at her creaking spars—his chief seemed to have no eyes save for the dreaded privateer astern. His lips set, and his tanned face hardened, as the progress of the race showed but too plainly that all the advantage was on the side of the enemy. She was still gaining—steadily, surely, even rapidly, gaining. If the race continued much longer it could only have one and a quick result, for the deep-loaded merchantman was no match for her pursuer. Already the latter was keeping up a running fire, though as yet her shots fell short or wide. As for fighting, that was out of the question, for though the brig was armed after the fashion of most traders in those dangerous days, the privateer, armed after the fashion of all privateers, could have knocked her to pieces out of range of her few light cannon.

"God hasten the night," groaned Captain Cardigan. That was his only hope now—that night would stop the chase before he was within gunshot. In the darkness he might escape, though even that chance was a small one. But small as it was—"God send the night quickly!"

When the winter darkness fell the distance between the two ships was shorter than ever.

"Captain Cardigan," said the mate, "let me tell you of the dodge that has occurred to me. Of course you didn't intend to show any lights on the brig to-night—but what if we show a false light? Suspend a lantern, sir, over an empty cask. Heave the cask overboard, and let it drift before the wind, while we make in another direction."

He received no thanks—just then. But the decoy was quickly prepared and lowered over the taffrail. The top-gallant sails were taken in, and the brig was headed to wind on the starboard tack, even under her reduced sail laying her lee bulwarks under upon this point of sailing.

Through the blackness she plunged on in the direction of the distant coast of Spain. All on board felt that she was only running from a certain into an uncertain danger, for would not the course she was holding soon bring her into the waters where Spanish cruisers were likely to be seeking just such prey? But the paramount idea was to escape from the privateer at all hazards.

"Will you ease her of her top-s'ls now, sir?" asked George Beverton.

"No, Mr. Beverton. I will not ease her of a stitch. That rascal of a Frenchman may be deceived for a time by our artifice, and follow that floating light till he finds out his mistake. But the more time we make sure of gaining the greater our chance of ultimate escape."

"Very good, sir."

With every hour the wind gathered force and fury.

Straining and quivering, on and on careered the "Warwick Castle" in the inky night.

"It's blowing harder than ever, sir," said Beverton an hour later. "I'm afraid she can't carry her present stress of sail."

"She must and she shall, sir," insisted the skipper. "Do you understand, man," he cried angrily, "what I have at stake? I'd risk a good deal to get home for Christmas—but I'm risking everything to get home at all. Do you know what I lose if I fail to get out of reach of these cut-throats before daylight? Ship, cargo, liberty—the greater part of the wealth that I have toiled for for years, and all chance of enjoying the rest till the doors of French prisons are thrown open. More than my share of ship and freight, more than liberty—aye, more than life—women passengers are in my charge. What better than a pirate is many a privateer?"

Just before daybreak lights were made out ahead. Almost at the same moment the brig's fore-top-sail split, and her main-sail went with a loud report. Hands lay aloft to pick up the fragments of the sails, but before their work was done the sun was over the horizon.

The French privateer was nowhere in sight, but lying-to to windward, appallingly close, was a huge line-of-battle ship, with the dreaded colours of Spain fluttering at her peak!

Poor Cardigan was unmanned at last. He hid his face for a moment in his hands.

"Lost, lost," he moaned; "all lost."

The Spaniard fired a gun—the meaning of the signal was known too well.

Calm now, but with grey, grim lips and miserable eyes, Captain Cardigan faced round.

"God's will be done," he cried.

The Union Jack was run up, and dipped in token of surrender.

Another gun from the great bows of the line-of-battle ship.

"Back the main-top-s'l."

It was not till the wind moderated that the Spaniards were seen preparing to lower a boat to take possession of their prize. The boat was launched, the crew took their places, and an officer in brilliant uniform followed them. As the cutter pushed off, the crew of the "Warwick Castle" mustered forward in sullen silence. Aft stood the skipper and his officers.

The cutter made fast alongside, and the Spanish lieutenant mounted to the brig's deck. He gave a look of surprise fore and aft, and moved to Captain Cadigan with a flourishing salute of his cocked hat.

"Señor, you are captain of this breeg?"

"I am. I wear no sword, sir, so have none to offer you. My ship is a peaceful trader."

"Señor, the English captain, why do you talk of your sword? I have not said of swords. Why are your men all togeddar so? It is all strange."

"Be careful how you mock me, sir, prisoner though I am."

"Prisonaire!" exclaimed the Spanish officer in a tone of mystification. "This breeg is English?" he added quickly. "Then . . ."

All at once a light seemed to break upon him.

"I see it! I see it! I see it!" he cried. "Ha! ha! but it is good. You have said of your sword—you have said you are prisonaire—you have said to yourself I come to take possession. Ha! you do not know. Señor, England and Spain fight each other no longer. No more are we enemies, but friends for evare. A Treaty of Peace is signed between your country and mine. I board your breeg only to ask you are you putting into a Spanish port? If so, of your kindness will you carry some letters from my ship?"

It was quite true. Since the "Warwick Castle" had been in touch with the news of the world, Napoleon had declared his brother Joseph King of Spain. The Spaniards had promptly declared war against their recent allies, the French, and concluded an "everlasting" alliance with England.

As the English crew grasped the situation, they cheered themselves hoarse. They cheered their ship, their captain, and themselves. Then they cheered the Spanish line-of-battle ship, and all Spanish ships, and all Spaniards. Under a salute of such cheers as only British sailors could have given, the cutter returned to the man-o'-war. They went on cheering while they proceeded with the shifting of the brig's sails, and put her trim.

Later in the day they cheered again, for they fell in with convoy. Safe now from attack, and with fair winds almost all the way, "the ship got home for Christmas."

SEND AT ONCE FOR ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZOR.

HIS OLD AGE PENSION.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

WRITS AS CHRISTMAS CARDS.

ODD FORMS OF SENDING GREETINGS.

Although the difference in date between December 25th and April 1st is considerable, there are people who seem occasionally to mistake one for another. One Christmas morning, a year or two ago, a number of residents in an inland town got an ugly shock when they found, among their post, letters containing what at first sight appeared to be writs.

Closer scrutiny, however, showed these unpleasant looking documents to be merely dummies which had been sent out to his friends by the official receiver of the town, to convey his good wishes for the festive season.

Christmas cards take the oddest forms. A lady's satin shoe, with the address and words of greeting written on the sole and the stamp on the heel, was noticed passing through the post at Bath. Another facetious card recently seen was an ordinary pill box with Christmas greetings on the lid, written in the form of a prescription. Inside were sweets made up to represent pills. The sender was, of course, a doctor.

A Sister's Last Wish.

A certain Californian, Matthew Buchanan by name, who made a big fortune out of the famous Alameda mine, was the victim of as ghastly a practical joke as ever was played on a man at the great December festival.

One Christmas morning, there arrived by post a small metal box containing about three handfuls of a curious grey ash, the nature of which he was quite unable to determine. It was accompanied by a card on which were written the words, "Merry Christmas, Matthew."

Wondering greatly what this mysterious offering meant, Mr. Buchanan put it aside. Two days later came a letter explaining that the ash was the mortal remains of his sister who had died a fortnight previously in New York. It had been her dying wish that her body should be cremated and her ashes sent to her brother as a Christmas gift.

Among Christmas cards which are becoming more frequent every year, and which none of us particularly enjoy receiving are the advertising cards which bring to mind unpleasantly the bills which are inevitable at the end of each year.

It is more than annoying to tear open an envelope which one presumes to bring kindly greeting from a friend, and to find that it contains an advertising card emanating from the undertaker.

Practical jokers are always to the fore at holiday time, and each Christmas season is sure to present us with fresh examples of their idiotic performances.

Tragedy at a Brentford Party.

At a Brentford Christmas party some crackers were pulled which were found to contain paper masks of peculiar hideousness. Two of the guests slipped out of the room, donned a pair of these masks, and then suddenly jumped in with a shout through the open door. Among the guests was a young married woman whose nerves were in a queer state.

With a shriek of horror she sprang from her place and ran into a back room. Before anyone could reach her she had snatched up a razor, and slashed her throat horribly.

Equally tragic was the result of a hoax on the part of a young Parisian house painter, who lived in the *Rue de Vert Bois*—or as we should call it, Greenwood Street. On Christmas morning, he went out to pay some calls, saying to his wife as he left the house "I'll be back for dinner."

Sequel to a Disappointment.

He turned up a little late to find that his wife had everything ready, and a capital and carefully cooked meal on the table.

"Oh, you needn't have troubled," were his first words. "I've had dinner." It was a joke on his part, but a very silly one, for his wife took his words seriously. Without a word, she walked away into the kitchen. The husband waited a while, then followed her. He found her on the floor dying. In her paroxysm of disappointment she had swallowed corrosive sublimate.

YOU WILL FIND "FIRSTS AND LASTS" FASCINATING.

TRICKS FOR THE YULETIDE.

NOVEL FORMS OF AMUSEMENT FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON.

The old form of Charades may have begun to pall a little. Perhaps people have tired of hunting for the hidden word, and too many scenes are chosen that have been worn threadbare at previous Christmas festivities—auction sales, lessons in schoolrooms, and police court scenes that are tiresome even when acted by professional humorists on the stage. In most of us, however, there is a very real love of acting (cynics may say, a love of hearing our own voices), and so in many houses amateur theatricals are substituted for Charades.

Scenes from well known Novels.

A very good plan is to act a scene out of a well-known novel. You can select a humorous episode, and if all the actors have read the book (or it has been explained to them) they can "gag" quite easily. Many scenes from Dickens can be played in this way, and some of the stories by writers like Barry Pain or Pett Ridge are very easily dramatised.

One of the joyous adventures of Mr. Locke's latest creation, Aristide Pujol, could be dramatised delightfully if anyone who had lived in France were staying in the house. It should be possible to get the youngsters to play with great zest fairy-tales, such as "Blue Beard" and "Cinderella."

It is not, of course, necessary to go to books. There are plays almost everyone has seen, and these can be reproduced by memory in quite an amusing way. To mention just a few, there is "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," "The Glad Eye" and "When Knights were Bold," and in some houses there are people who will even have the courage to attempt Mr. Pellissier's famous voice trial.

Golf in the House.

"House Golf" is a new and thoroughly exciting game, but alas, it sometimes damages furniture and involves wholesale destruction of ornaments. For clubs you have walking sticks, and stuffed or woollen balls, such as are often found in the nursery, are used. The "holes" (usually small circles marked out with chalk) should be placed in all parts of the house, from the cellar to the attic, and the ball has to be hit into the centre of each circle. As in ordinary golf, the winner is the one who completes the course in the fewest number of strokes.

Some delightful things can be done with a magic lantern, but often you have to wait some time while the operators arrange their screen and persuade the lantern to work. A few tricks will fill in the interval.

A quite new and beautiful one, which will appeal especially to children and young men, is to try to make in mid-air the planet Saturn with its rings. This can be done with soap bubbles and cigarette smoke. A few smokers have extraordinary skill in blowing rings, and, in a room free from draughts, can send them in any direction they please. A child blows the bubble and the smoker tries to make a ring encircle it. This requires practice, and if several people are racing to get a ring on to a bubble first, it is rather exciting.

Amusement with Wine Glasses.

The time can be passed with a little music from a novel orchestra, in which combs covered with tissue paper are used instead of violins, whistles for the wood-wind instruments, and saucepans for the drums. But perhaps this will be a little too nerve-racking, especially if rag-times are played.

Two amusing tricks can be done with wine-glasses. Drop a sixpence into one and challenge anybody to get it out without touching the glass (which should be cone-shaped). When everybody has failed (if anyone ever attempted the feat) you drop a half-crown into the glass so that it lies flat an inch or two above the sixpence. Then blow as hard as possible down one side, and the large coin will turn upright, and the sixpence will fly out of the glass.

You can have three liquids in the same glass, and by using a straw can drink whichever one you choose. Fill a third of the glass with a strong syrup of sugar and water, pour on to this very gently some milk, and fill up the glass with port wine. If you do the trick carefully you will find that the liquids will not mix.

Many people have an absolute passion for having "their fortunes told." A rather good way to satisfy this desire is for a member of the company to slip away on some pretext, and then, assuming a thorough disguise, to sit in a darkened room. The hostess announces that a lady (or a gentleman) has come who will entertain her guests by reading their futures, and is awaiting their visits. Since probably he knows each one fairly intimately he is able to startle them by revealing their past, and this makes his predictions all the more impressive.

It is scarcely safe to play the game of seeing who can make the ugliest face, for it has been known to result in the embarrassing *contretemps* of a lady who *was not playing* being picked out as the winner. The "Stool of Repentance" may cause unpleasantness, but an amusing and perhaps novel variation may be found in "Character Impressions." Someone retires from the room, and returning, either by words or gestures, gives an impression or caricature of anyone present. If the victim recognises himself he can remain in the room; otherwise he has to retire and give an impression of someone else.

Amusing Shadow Plays.

Perhaps by this time the screen has been fixed up and the lantern put into working order. (It is convenient for the lantern to be placed outside the room, and the screen to be placed in the doorway). Then most amusing shadow plays can be acted. These require a little practice beforehand, but they are quite easy. The actors, of course, stand between the lantern and the screen.

Remove the screen, and the lantern can be used for a delightful kid of dumb Charade—an imitation of a cinematograph film. This is sometimes seen at a variety theatre, but one does not remember watching it at an ordinary Christmas party. The lantern is used to throw a strong light on the actors, and the cinematographic effect is obtained by revolving in front of the lens a few strips of wood or card-board tacked together like the sails of a windmill.

There is usually someone in the house with sufficient ingenuity to fit up the "sails" so that they can be whirled round. The actors must be in a state of perpetual motion, and if an exciting little scene (such as a circular race or a boxing match) be planned, the result is extremely funny.

A Startling Result.

If you desire to use the lantern to produce a terrifying apparition, turn out the lights and place in the middle of the room a chafing dish with a little incense in it, or anything that will make a column of smoke. Insert a slide, which gives a full length portrait, and focus so that the image falls on the smoke. The result is startling. The apparition is so real that you feel you can touch it . . . and yet it has a ghostly transparency.

SUSPENSE.

A lovely girl with golden hair
Stood gazing at the whirling snow,
And murmured, with an anxious air,
"Oh, will he come? I want him so!

"Last year I can so well recall
(Her eyes grew soft, her manner coy)
That as I waited in the hall
He came and filled my heart with joy.

"Just such another Christmas Day,
The ground was white with snow like this.
He's late. Ah, if he keeps away
'Twill put an end to all my bliss.'

But as she faltered, growing pale,
Her sorrow turned to swift delight;
For, laden with the Christmas mail,
The ancient postman hove in sight!

THERE IS FUN IN OUR FREE "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE.

£250 FOR CORRECT RESULTS

BIG MONEY PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL SKILL.

Now is your opportunity to fill your purse for Christmas. Plenty of money is wanted during the festive season, and our Football Skill Competition will do it for you. Put your football knowledge to the test this week. Remember there is no entrance fee, and you can send in as many coupons as you like.

THE NAMES OF PRIZE WINNERS IN OUR NO. 5 FOOTBALL CONTEST APPEAR ELSEWHERE.

To be successful in forecasting the results of matches one must be well acquainted with the various teams entered, and also with the factors that make for success in a football match, such as whether a team is playing at home or away. A knowledge of the form and special abilities of the various members of the teams is also very necessary in making such a forecast. A number of handbooks are published, furnishing facts regarding past performances of clubs, but the best guide is the information published in the newspapers as to what clubs have done or have failed to do in the present season.

By intelligently studying the work done by the various teams one is able to gauge with marvellous accuracy the result of the match.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO:

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First, Second and Southern Leagues on Saturday, December 14th, and for the prize of

£250

you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will *lose*. Where you predict a *draw* leave in names of both teams.

To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of

£250

In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results

£25

will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct result.

Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in certain matches on Saturday, December 14. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 7 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, December 13. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played the £250 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 7.

Matches to be played on Saturday, December 14th. Cross out —in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BOLTON WANDERERS	v.	LIVERPOOL.
BRADFORD CITY	v.	DERBY COUNTY.
MANCHESTER CITY	v.	BLACKBURN ROVERS.
WEST BROMWICH ALBION	v.	SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.
WOOLWICH ARSENAL	v.	TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.
BRISTOL CITY	v.	GRIMSBY TOWN.
CLAPTON ORIENT	v.	BARNSLEY.
HUDDERSFIELD TOWN	v.	BLACKPOOL.
NOTTS FOREST	v.	BURY.
PRESTON NORTH END	v.	BRADFORD.
MERTHYR TOWN	v.	QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
BRIGHTON AND HOVE	v.	BRISTOL ROVERS.
READING	v.	STOKE.
EXETER	v.	PORTSMOUTH.
WEST HAM	v.	SWINDON.
CRYSTAL PALACE	v.	NORTHAMPTON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

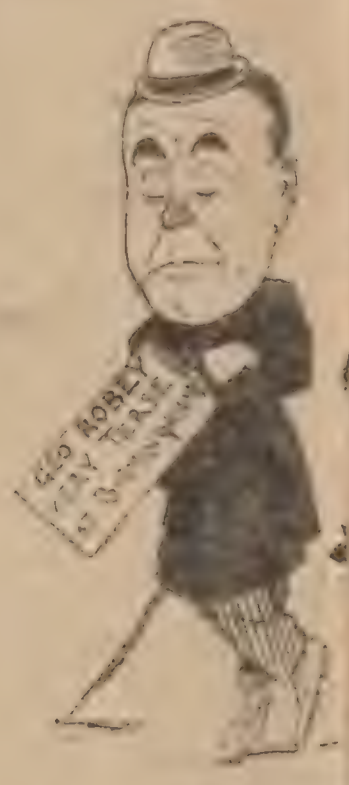
Signature .....

Address .....

YOU MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

DEVOTE TO-NIGHT TO FILLING IN COUPONS.

WHO'S WHO IN PANTOMIME:



PITHY PARS ABOUT SOME OF THE

Everybody is interested in pantomime "stars" just now. Here are a few snappy details about some reigning favourites:—

FLORENCE SMITHSON.—A vocal marvel. Has a top F that is unique, and a trill that thrills. Small, chic, dainty, self-possessed. Wife of Dan Rolyat. Born to the stage. Plays Sleeping Beauty at Drury Lane.

WILFRID DOUTHITT.—First male principal boy who has appeared at Drury Lane. A splendid baritone singer. Well established on the concert platform. Young, good looking. Plays Prince (afterwards Beast) in "Sleeping Beauty and the Beast."

GEORGE GRAVES.—The greatest gagger and quick-fire joker on earth. Has "made" several musical comedies off his own bat. An Irishman. Fought in South African War. Top humorist at Drury Lane.

WILL EVANS.—Specialist in burlesque humour. Long experience. A rare stayer. Fond of rural life. *Will* play golf. Also makes sport at Drury Lane.

DAISY JAMES.—A go-ahead comedienne of attractive appearance. Wears nice frocks in the halls. Principal boy in "Forty Thieves" at London Lyceum.

GEORGE MOZART.—A great mimic. Can imitate anybody or anything. Features so mobile as to suggest india-rubber. Fine comedian. Will display it at Broadway Theatre.

MAY BEATTY.—Handsome, buxom, shapely "boy," with engaging air and good pantomime style. Australian. Married to Edward Lauri. Plays Dick Whittington at King's, Hammersmith.

TOM FOY.—Best known as the Yorkshire lad, though he was born at Liverpool. A diverting exponent of rustic humour. Makes fun at Edinburgh Royal.

GEORGE ROBEY.—Emperor of Mirth. Best "dame" in pantomime. A great all-round sport. Charitable. Has written two books. This year at Birmingham Royal.

MARRIOTT EDGAR.—A "dame" of the quietly effective order. Intelligent, but not boisterous. Has travelled far. Comes of old theatrical family. Now at Birmingham, Prince of Wales'.

VIOLET LLOYD.—Has attractive face and figure that are essential to the part of principal boy. She is very partial to those parts, and now fills the position at Belfast Opera House as Jack, he of the Beanstalk.

WINIFRED WARD.—A sprightly, vivacious lady, who does clever male impersonations in the halls. Will be an energetic Dick Whittington at Bristol, Prince's Theatre.

DOROTHY CRASKE.—Experienced principal boy, with many provincial successes to her credit. Dashing and lively. Leading figure in "Forty Thieves," at Cardiff, New Theatre.

BARBARA BABINGTON.—Like Miss Craske, has a provincial record to be proud of. Also a figure. Plays Prince in "Cinderella," at Dublin, Gaiety.

LOOK OUT FOR MORE

"STARS" OF THE SEASON.

LEADING PANTOMIME FAVOURITES.

QUEENIE LEIGHTON.—Tall, stately, graceful. A favourite principal boy. Was some years at Drury Lane. Sings comic or sentimental. Now plays Prince in "Cinderella" at Coronet Theatre, London.

BILLY MERSON.—The most recent star comedian. Small. Full of droll antics and burlesque notions. Now exhibiting at Glasgow Royal.

CLARICE MAYNE.—Famous singer of lilting chorus songs and clever mime. Stars in the music-halls with "That" (J. W. Tate) and a piano. Married to "That." Playing Dick Whittington at Leeds, Royal.

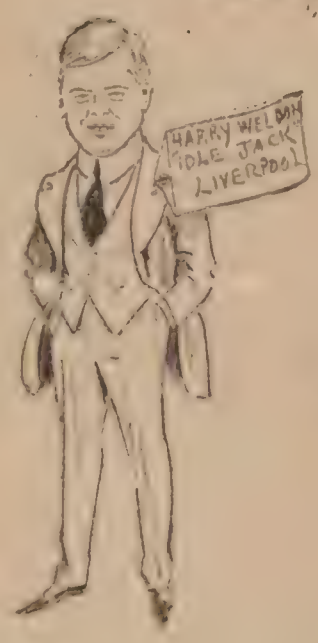
DOROTHY WARD.—One of the b'hoys, who knows her business. A stage beauty. Has a record in big pantomime, though only 22. Married to Shaun Glenville, a jovial Irishman, who plays leading comedian in the same show, "Tom Tucker," at Liverpool, Court Theatre.

HARRY WELDON.—A very popular comedian, with a robust sense of humour that appeals to everybody. Plays Idle Jack in "Dick Whittington," at Liverpool Olympia.

DAISY DORMER.—Dark, dainty, vivacious; a most energetic dancer. Principal girl last year at Drury Lane. This year at Glasgow Grand in "Mother Hubbard."

FRED COLLEY.—One of the most amusing comedians on the music-hall stage. His "Idle Jack" at the Grand, Nottingham, is bound to be a success.

DAISY WOOD.—A dashing comedienne of inexhaustible energy. Sings a good song well. One of the famous Lloyd sisters. Plays Dick Whittington at Manchester Royal.



ALICE POLLARD.—Sweet and Dainty damsel: From Australia. Popular in pantomime and musical comedy. Created leading part in the "Dollar Princess." Principal girl Manchester Royal, playing her namesake, Alice.

HORACE MILLS.—As pantomime "dame" is an institution. Also famous in musical comedy as a mercurial comedian. Plays "dame" at Manchester Royal.

MINNIE SCOTT.—Sings and dances delightfully. She will play "May," at the Grand, Nottingham.

LOTTIE CORA.—One of the shapeliest and most vivacious principal boys in panto. this year. Messrs. Harry Day and Edward Lauri are lucky to have secured her for their "Dick Whittington."

MAIE ASH.—The talented musical comedy actress, who has made such striking successes in Miss Ellaline Terriss's parts, notably in "The Gay Gordons." Principal girl at the Royal, Birmingham.

MAY MOORE DUPREZ.—Needs no special introduction. Her "Gretchen" has captivated variety patrons for a long while now; while her infectious laugh is a pure delight.

"STARS" NEXT WEEK.

A Page of Interest to Ladies.

The Bishop of Guildford's outspoken suggestion at the Guildhall that children should be taught elemental facts about themselves is to be welcomed.

The absolute ignorance on really vital truths with which many a young girl steps out into the world is often only a preparation for disaster.

It is easy to understand parents' reluctance to speak of these things. In many people's eyes a young girl's innocence has a beauty that would suffer even by knowledge. These are the people who usually regard ignorance as an integral part of innocence, alas! most often its worst enemy. It is to the credit of many parents that difficult as it is, they do speak out to their children. Only the worst of it is, they generally speak out a few years too late.

"Nothing-to-do People."

A daily paper is agitating itself about "Nothing-to-do People." It appears from the investigations of the energetic journal that there is quite a large number of folk in London and other big cities with small incomes or pensions, too poor to indulge in any of the city's pleasures, some are too old and others disinclined for work, but still in many cases there are twenty or five-and-twenty years of life before them, and these people must kill time, or it will kill them.

A sad picture is drawn of the class of people who frequent free libraries, and who wander the streets, desperately bored and weary. But apparently they are all men!

A woman under similar circumstances is rarely bored in the same way. Why? One cannot say that she is less disinclined for work. She has not greater opportunities of using her time, since a lonely man can do much that a lonely woman cannot.

The reason is a very simple one, since that to a woman, whether married or single, rich or poor, leisured or occupied, the home stands for more than it does to a man.

The poky little lodging, which acts as a mere roof over his head to a man, forms the centre of life to a woman. (Ask any landlady who resents two mistresses in her home why she prefers men lodgers.) She may only have shillings enough a week to pay for her room and starve in gentility, but she is queen of that home, and that just kills boredom.

If the lonely man with a small income wants to avoid the boredom that kills, and will not, or cannot, get work, let him learn to scrub floors and cook.

Degrees for Women?

The Bristol University, which, it is asserted, has given degrees broadcast on the method of a second-rate American institution, does not appear to have conferred any of these doubtful honours upon women. Is this another proof of man's brutality?

* * *

A woman money-lender sued for a debt of £13 last week, and was alleged to have charged a penny on each shilling from Saturday to Monday, which someone has worked out to be 1,496 per cent.

What is a man's paltry notion of 5 per cent. after this?

* * *

Edward Reginald Wright, who stole £1,060 from the bank at Bournemouth in which he was employed, was captured by an ingenious device. A detective, suspecting his hiding place, called "Reggie! Reggie!" in a woman's voice, and Reggie appeared and was arrested. The wheeze shows the influence of a woman's voice, doesn't it?

Not so Foolish, after all.

Here is current testimony to woman's wit from an old source.

A company promoter the other day, in speaking of a new company he was floating, made the statement: "Women with money are no longer any good to us. They are too keen and too sensible to touch what they don't understand. When a woman takes shares in companies nowadays, she does so as a gamble that she thinks worth risking a little money in, or else as a safe investment in what she knows to be sound. This is practically what men do. Both are "had" at some time or other by a thorough swindle; but the women not so easily as the men."

The Perfumed Letter.

He bought a half a quart of scent
Upon his homeward way.
To write his love was his intent.
To write his love he fully meant
To write his love that day.

He wrote his love as he had planned,
Through thirty sheets or more,
Then took the quart of scent in hand,
Spread out the loving pages and
Besprinkled them well o'er.

And Esmeralda got the note;
It cured her of catarrh.
She could not read what 'twas he wrote,
But anyhow it eased her throat.
Because it reeked of—tar.

You wonder how the thing occurred?
Forth went that loving swell—
Posted his letter. 'Tis averred
A Suffragette, without a word,
Poured in some tar as well.

Princess's Common-sense Charity.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise is an eminently practical member of the Royal Family. She is at the present moment exerting all her energies to obtain subscriptions in aid of the Heritage Craft Schools at Chailey, in Sussex, started a year or two ago by Mrs. C. W. Kimmins.

There are ninety crippled children at this institution, and the excellent character of the training will be recognised from the fact that the wages earned by these incapacitated juveniles are fully equal to those of ordinary work-people. There is also a fully equipped "cottage laundry" and housewifery school for the training of non-crippled children in the household virtues and the profession of domestic service. The schools are a thoroughly deserving organisation.

Small Boy: "Won't you take my seat madam?"

PUT YOUR SPARE TIME TO PROFIT.

YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

The Most Thrilling Melodrama ever written.

"SIN"

(The Wages of Sin is Death.)

By

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON,

Author of "Hush Money," "Convict 99," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS TO OPENING CHAPTERS.

In the drawing-room of Parktown House, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, JASMINE FLOYD is so lost in her own feelings at the receipt of a scribbled anonymous note that she did not hear the approach of a tall stout man, with a large coarse face, lit by little cunning eyes, and crowned with a sparse thatch of straw-coloured hair.

Incensed, Jasmine shows CARL STUTTERMANN the letter, which tells her that her father, rich WELLINGTON FLOYD, "something in the City," and a Churchwarden, is the biggest receiver of stolen goods in the Metropolis. Stuttermann says it is quite true, and laughing the laugh of a bully and a brute, informs her that if she fails to lunch with him at his house in Chelsea on the following day, Mr. Wellington Floyd, otherwise Troop, who even at that moment was conducting his nefarious business at a villa in Regent's Park, should be in the hands of the police within an hour.

HARRY EARLE effects a dramatic escape from Portmill prison, where he is undergoing a sentence of ten years' penal servitude, in order to try to track down his destroyers, and to tell Jasmine of his love for her, which is reciprocated. Hearing of her promise to Stuttermann to lunch with him, Earle, without being told the reason for the promise, implores Jasmine not to go. But the conversation is interrupted, the convict being forced to leave the drawing-room hurriedly.

Jasmine sets out in a dense fog to travel to Chelsea by a tube train which is wrecked in a collision, and among the slightly injured passengers is a girl, named MARY GLOVER, so much like Jasmine, that later, in order to secure money to obtain letters belonging to her from a man who had threatened to show them to her lover, to whom she was being married in a week, she consents to change clothes and impersonate Jasmine at the luncheon.

This left Jasmine free to investigate the allegations against her father. Using the key which Stuttermann lent her on condition that she promised to lunch with him, Jasmine gained admission to the villa in Regent's Park. While secreted behind a cabinet, she hears her father, who is disguised, negotiating with a stranger for the purchase of the stolen Great Sunstone diamond, and later she is amazed to see Harry Earle in the room and to hear him address her father: "You scoundrel, you know me, don't you. I am Harry Earle, whom you—"

But he gets no farther, for at that very moment police officers rush into the room and there is a wild stampede in darkness, Wellington Floyd having switched off the lights after firing a revolver.

Bewildered, Jasmine, upon escaping from the house, goes to Stuttermann's residence to fetch Mary Glover, and is horrified to find her dead at the luncheon-table and the place empty.

Carl Stuttermann returns with a doctor, and later, from her hiding place behind heavy curtains, Jasmine sees Harry Earle enter the room and hears him demand of Stuttermann, "Did Jasmine Floyd keep her appointment to lunch with you to-day?"

The truth known, Earle, with a fierce moan, springs at Stuttermann, strikes him down, rendering him unconscious, and then leaves the house, followed by the doctor, shouting for the police.

Leaving her hiding place, Jasmine stoops over the unconscious Stuttermann and slips the front-door key of her father's secret house into one of his pockets.

At the town house of Lord Claresteke, in Eaton Square, Jasmine tells TIGG, the butler, "You are not to call me Miss Floyd any more. . . . think of me only as Miss Henry . . . you must not tell anyone I'm living." The admiring Tigg promises, and at Jasmine's request takes her to see the HONOURABLE LEONARD SHOREHAM, the handsome son and heir of LORD CLARESTOKE, and cousin of Harry Earle, of whom, as an old friend, she asks for help.

Lennie Shoreham is perturbed when he hears of Jasmine's promise to marry Parke—and [illegible] that he has been re-arrested. Recovering from the fresh shock, Jasmine asks for shelter for the night, adding, "I am helpless."

CHAPTER IV. *(Continued.)*

THE ONE WARDER TOO MANY.

"Lennie, why do you stand there silent? You are not going to refuse me shelter on a night like this, are you? Tell me that you will let me sleep here, and will keep the secret that I am living."

"What do you want to play this part for? Why do you come here to me in poor, shabby clothes and tell me you are going to disappear when you have a beautiful home to go to and people who love you waiting for you?"

"You must not ask me, Lennie," Jasmine Floyd panted out. "You must not ask me, because I cannot tell you. You must trust me—knowing that I should not do this unless I were very hard driven."

She drew her hand half dazedly across her forehead as she asked herself what they would say in this great house if they knew that her father was a receiver of stolen goods? She clutched at Leonard Shoreham's arm.

"You must not ask me any questions, but just be satisfied to help me. For Harry Earle's sake, even if not for my own, you must give me shelter here to-night. He is of your blood, even though he is a convict—and I am his promised wife."

The dark-eyed young fellow before her looked at her straugely.

"All right! Tigg can find some place for you here to-night without anybody knowing. You seem to have told Tigg about this amazing idea of changing your name and disappearing. Anyhow, he'll be quite safe. He'll keep your secret. I myself shall be going away after dinner."

"Going away? To-night? In this terrible fog? Where are you going?"

"That is my secret, my pretty Jasmine. You are not the only one who has a secret, you know. I should like to know whether you are going to tell Harry Earle that you are alive, or whether he, like the rest of the world, is to believe that you are dead and gone."

"No! No! He must not believe me dead. He does so now because—because of something that has happened, which you will read about in the newspapers to-morrow. But he must not believe it a moment later than can be helped. I hoped to see him again somehow—somewhere—before he was re-arrested. But if it is true that I am too late and that he is even at this moment being taken back to Portmill Prison, I must think of some way to communicate with him, so that he may not give way to despair. But it will have to be done so that no one else but himself can know what the message means. Oh, how shall I do it? How shall I do it?"

Looking up quickly, she saw that Lennie Shoreham had gone, leaving her alone in the room. And suddenly, although she could not have told why, a chill and ugly doubt as to whether she had done well to trust him, crept into her half despairing soul.

* * *

The morning of the sixth day after this was very misty on the wild, boulder-strewn stretch of country surrounding Portmill Convict Prison. In the stone quarries the work went on more slowly than usual, because the mistiness had made it more difficult for the warders to see from any distance whether the prisoners were industrious or idle. Then, too, as the atmosphere thickened, it became more necessary to be on guard against possible attempts at escape than to see that the gangs of branded labourers toiled their hardest.

One of the few who did not take advantage of the grey haze to slack off in his work was Harry Earle. Taller than most of his fellow convicts, lither and handsomer, he worked with a steady strength which surprised those who knew how cruelly he had suffered in the punishment cell since he had been brought back to the prison after his successful dash for liberty. And if these people who watched him could have known what pain

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tortured his body and what black despair was in his soul, they would have wondered still more at his untiring labour. They did not know that he was working so frenziedly in the desperate hope that before long the work would kill him, and he might thereby rejoin his heart's darling, Jasmine Floyd, whom he believed to be dead.

On and on he toiled, never resting, although he felt ill and weak. He did not look up, and did not notice through the mist there was coming towards him a figure dressed in a warder's uniform, and yet in features totally unlike any one of the regular warders of the prison. This strange looking officer slipped up close to his side, revealing himself as very young and handsome and quite unusually dark for an Englishman, and spoke very quickly and very low.

"Harry Earle! Harry Earle! Look at me! Don't you know me? I am your cousin Lennie Shoreham. I've been moving Heaven and earth to get here for a moment to say half-a-dozen words to you. Listen, Harry! It is the secret of my life that I have come to tell you. More than that, it is the secret of my father's life. I am Lennie Shoreham, but I am a woman and not a man. Listen—listen—and understand. I am a woman, I tell you. You are the true heir to the peerage; but I have been brought up to play the part of the heir because of my father's hatred for your father and for you. Do you hear me? Do you understand? I am a woman, I tell you—and because I am mad with love for you, all the world shall know it."

She gripped his arm—the arm that had been wielding the pickaxe—and went on passionately, fiercely:

"Why don't you speak? Why don't you answer me? Don't you believe me? But I'm telling you the truth and only the truth. I, Lennie Shoreham, am a woman and not a man. I have come to tell you this because I love you with a love that will not let me rest. And all the world shall know it. I will give up everything—everything!—if you will love me in return and marry me. Harry, say yes! Say yes!"

Harry Earle's pickaxe dropped from his suddenly failing grasp and he staggered sideways, gasping for breath.

CHAPTER V.

FROM BEHIND THE SCREEN OF DEATH.

Harry Earle's brain reeled. When his senses got clear again, and he could straighten himself up and look about him, he saw through the thickening mist three or four of his fellow convicts looking towards him with a grim wonder on their pinched and haggard faces, and the quickly moving figures of some of the regular warders hurrying to round up their flock of black sheep and get back with them to the prison before the mist should become a fog. He saw the cordon of the Civil Guard closing in, pressing nearer and nearer to the throngs of dangerous men. But of the strange young warder with the dark hair and eyes and the olive-tinted skin he saw nothing

Did he only dream that this warder came to him and gripped his arm and spoke?

He told himself that he must have dreamed it. And yet he felt sure he could feel still on his arm the sensation of the grip. But, of course, it must be fancy. He was burning with fever, and therefore, no doubt, he had been for a few moments delirious and so had a strange and startling vision.

"It can't have been real," he told himself, speaking in his throat. "It is madness to think that it can have happened—that Leonard Shoreham can have dared to come along here in a warder's uniform and so get into this working party and managed to make his way to me and speak to me. And what was it he said—that he was no man, but a woman, and that the peerage would really be mine because she loved me, and for love's sake would make the truth known? Great Heaven! How mad I must have been to have thought it! I must be very ill—terribly ill. Oh, if I could only die and so go out of this world that is so empty and cold and dark—now that Jasmine is not in it any more!"

He was certainly very ill. It was no wonder that he could not believe in the amazing thing that had just happened to him when at every movement that he made and step that he took the mist-blurred scene and the figures moving through it swam round him and his feet stumbled and there was a singing in his ears and a rushing of blood to his head. He was burning and shivering at once, and as he obeyed mechanically the words of command shouted to him by the hurrying, flurried prison officers, he wondered if he would have the strength to tramp all the way back to the great penal hive that towered forbiddingly on the higher parts of the desolate, boulder-strewn waste.

"Stand up straight, will you? What's the matter with you?"

The lithe, handsome young fellow swayed suddenly as the fetters were being fastened about his wrists. The feeling of these manacles rasping his flesh and the pull of the chain that bound him to his fellows made him hold himself in hand and stiffen his back to meet this coming ordeal of the long tramp homeward through the clammy choking mist.

Perhaps, as he tramped along he might have that vision again—that astounding vision of his cousin coming to him in the disguise of a prison warder, braving the risks of discovery and telling him that though known to the world as the Honourable Leonard Shoreham, he was in actual fact not a man at all, but a woman, and therefore not the heir to the Clarestoke peerage.

Harry Earle laughed a hoarse bitter laugh in his throat. What a mad dream! What a mad dream!

"I must be terribly ill," he told himself.

It was true enough that he was terribly ill. More than once during that hurried march back to the prison he would have fallen, but for the man behind him and the man in front of him holding him up. His face was deeply flushed and his eyes had the unnatural brightness of fever when at last he stumbled into the prison yard and went through the humiliating business of being searched.

"Open your mouth! Open it wider! Throw your head back! Now up with your arms!"

A warder's hands, brutally quick and rough, mauled him all over until every half inch of his body and clothing had been examined. Then, as his condition was plainly serious, he was taken to be seen by the doctor's assistant, who pronounced him only fit for the infirmary.

"I expect it's the days of darkness and bread and water in the punishment cell that have broken him down," Harry Earle overheard the chaplain say to the doctor. "These fine men never can stand half as much as the poor-looking fellows who have been underfed all their lives."

But in the midst of his fever, Harry Earle knew that it was not so. Very well, he knew that the spring of his strength had broken in the hour when he had seen, as he believed, Jasmine Floyd lying dead on the sofa in Carl Stuttermann's dining-room in Chelsea. Nothing else had mattered to him after that. Nothing!

The longer he lay in the infirmary, tortured with fever, the more sure he felt that the startling visit of the strange warder with the black hair and olive-tinted skin had been one of the dreams of his delirium.

How could it be real? Had he not played with his cousin, Lennie Shoreham, often when they had been boys? Had they not met secretly a hundred times since?

Secretly always. For Lennie's father, the hunchback Lord Clarestoke, had always hated Harry and had forbidden him to cross his threshold. But he had seen enough of Lennie to feel sure that if Lennie had been a girl, he would have suspected it.

And yet—the dream had been so vivid! And there was something about Lennie's style of handsomeness that was very like the handsomeness of a woman. And Lord Clarestoke's hatred of his brother's son would make him capable of anything—even of any crime—that would cheat that son out of his inheritance. But the thought was madness! Sheer madness!

And after all, what did it matter now? What did anything matter now that he who once had been the handsome, gay and successful Harry Earle was a convict working out a sentence of ten years here in Portmill Convict prison, branded with the devil's claw of a felon, covered with the foul mud of shame, and now broken utterly by the death of the woman whose face had been his beacon light and his heaven upon earth?

What sort of man was he to become Lord Clarestoke's heir?—even if the astounding vision of the strange warder in the quarry had been real, and Lennie Shoreham had in very deed dared a thousand dangers to come and tell him that she was a woman, and would let the whole world know it for his sake if he would love her. That night, just before the dawn, he came out of the maziness of mind in which his fever had plunged him, and turning his head on his coarse pillow, saw the prison chaplain sitting beside him, watching him.

He knew how the kindly-faced clergyman happened to be there. There was a man dying at the other end of the ward—the convict orderly could be dimly seen stooping over the poor fellow's bed at this very moment—and he had needed prayers and comforting. The prayers had been met by curses, but Harry Earle did not know this. He only knew that it was good of the chaplain to come and sit by him after his duty at the other man's bedside was done. His eyes showed his new clearness of mind, and the man, who was trying to do some work for God here in this great place of crime, leaned over and smiled to him.

"You are a little better. I am glad. Now you had better try to sleep."

But the handsome young convict raised himself on his elbow and looked into the clergyman's face.

"I wish you would tell me, sir, if you believe me guilty of the diamond robbery that I am in here for?"

The chaplain met his steady gaze with an answering look that searched deep into the young man's soul.

"I did believe you guilty until this moment, Earle," he replied, speaking Harry's name instead of his number. "But, somehow or other, in this moment I feel sure that you could not have stooped low enough to commit this crime."

Harry Earle put out one hand and touched the clergyman's sleeve appealingly.

"I want to tell you about it. No, don't say that it will hurt me to speak. It will hurt me more to be silent. The diamond robbery that I have been convicted of happened in a great London mansion one night when there was a dance going on. The rooms were full of fashionable people. No one would have thought it possible that any professional criminal could get in. The richest woman among the guests was drugged in a

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lounge and robbed of her jewels—jewels worth fifty thousand pounds. It was the boldest crime ever known in London society, for it happened with hundreds of people within easy call. The thief must have had amazing nerve. And, because of the brutality with which the woman was treated, it was at the same time one of the most cowardly of crimes. I was arrested half-an-hour after the infamous piece of work was discovered—because I had made a secret appointment to meet her in that lounge."

He waited, drawing a hard deep breath. Then he went on before the chaplain could speak:

"The next thing that happened was that two or three single stones that had formed a part of the stolen jewels were found in my possession. I knew nothing of them, but I could not prove that, and so I was ruined. The very appointment I had made with the victimised woman had been made in order that I myself should help her in some secret affair of her own, concerning which I had to be silent. For the same reason she could not clear me. She could not even say that it was not I who had drugged and robbed her, because the drug must have been slipped into some of the food or wine which she had taken while I had been with her in the supper-room, and she had been unconscious when the actual robbery of her jewels had been committed."

Again he waited. And then again he went on:

"There was a girl there that night called Jasmine Floyd, the daughter of a city man who lived in Hampstead. I loved her madly, and I was waiting for a chance to tell her of my love. I had hoped that the chance would come that night, but my arrest stopped all hope of that. Then, in prison here, the idea grew upon me that in spite of everything, she loved me and believed in me. That was why I escaped ten days ago—to go and tell her of the love for her that had been burning in me for so long. And I found her and told her and she confessed that she loved me even as I loved her. And now—now she is dead."

"Dead?" echoed the chaplain, starting in his seat. "Dead?"

"Yes. She got into the toils of a half German scoundrel called Stuttermann. I went to his house and found her dead. I could swear that he murdered her, though a doctor who was there said she had died naturally. I left her there with the two of them, because I was hot on the track of the man who had made me his scapegoat. If I could have had another hour I could have got proof of my innocence; and, when I had got that proof, I meant to come back and put a ring on her dead finger, so that all the world might know that she had been my own. I could not do that until I had proved myself an innocent man. And when once I had got that proof, I meant to deal with that half German cur who had enticed her within his doors and then had murdered her—for I am sure that he murdered her as I am that I am lying here in Portmill infirmary ward at this moment. But before that one more hour of freedom that I prayed for was up, I had been recognised and re-arrested. After that, nothing mattered; nothing matters now. I would rather die than live on in a hard, bitter world which has not my darling in it any more."

"Hush! Hush! You must not talk like that." The voice of the prison chaplain was gentle, but full of reproach. "I am sure that your dead sweetheart would not have you talk like this if she could hear you. And she may hear you for all either of us know. You are a young man, and if you choose to be brave you can live down this terrible disgrace that has come upon you. We must pray that your name may be cleared, and that you may not have to work out the whole of your sentence. In the meantime, whatever I can do to help you I will do with all my heart." Harry Earle raised himself a little more in the narrow little prison bed.

"Will you promise to do one particular thing for me, sir?"

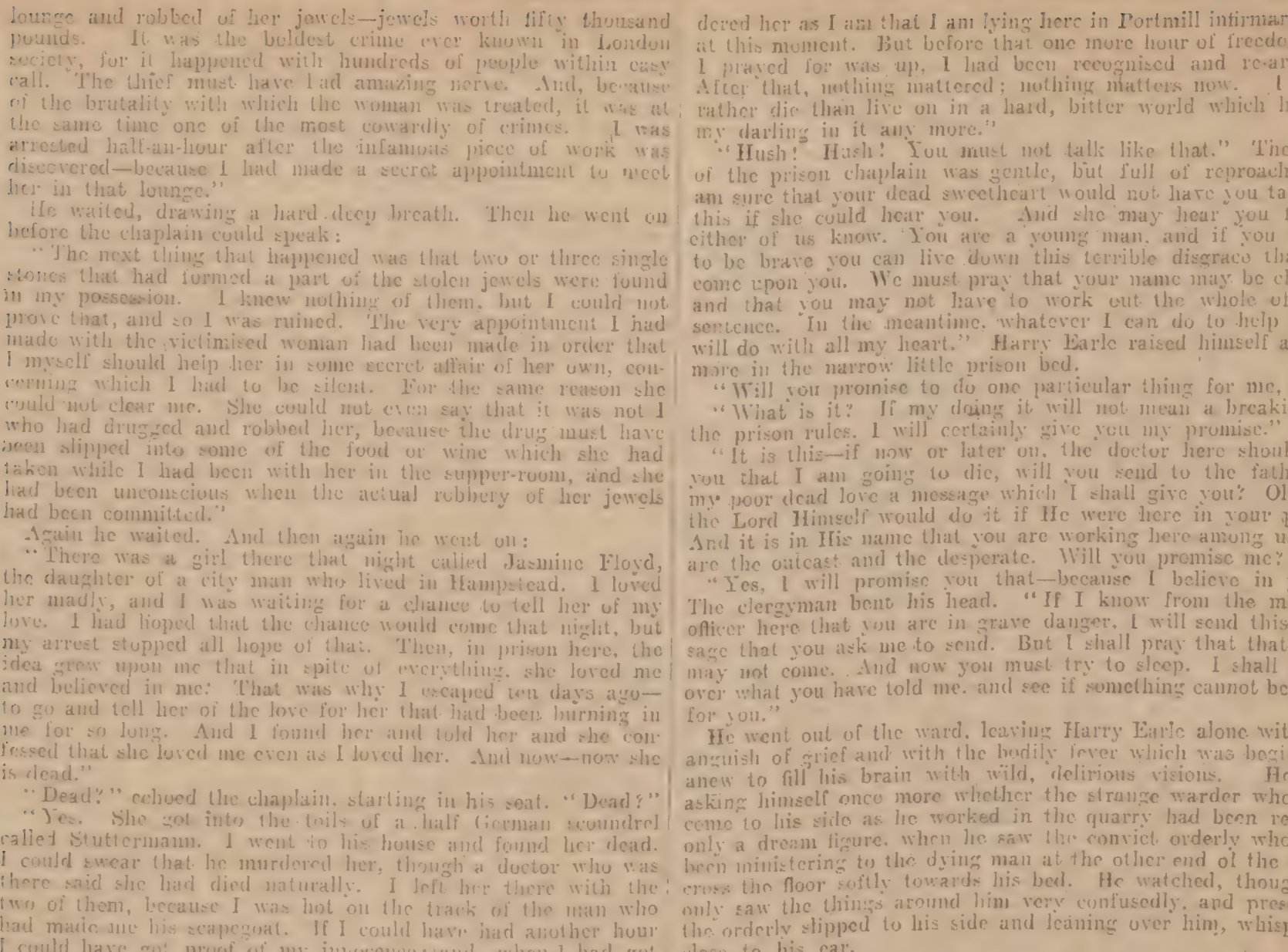
"What is it? If my doing it will not mean a breaking of the prison rules, I will certainly give you my promise."

"It is this—if now or later on, the doctor here should tell you that I am going to die, will you send to the father of my poor dead love a message which I shall give you? Oh, sir, the Lord Himself would do it if He were here in your place! And it is in His name that you are working here among us who are the outcast and the desperate. Will you promise me?"

"Yes, I will promise you that—because I believe in you." The clergyman bent his head. "If I know from the medical officer here that you are in grave danger, I will send this message that you ask me to send. But I shall pray that that time may not come. And now you must try to sleep. I shall think over what you have told me, and see if something cannot be done for you."

He went out of the ward, leaving Harry Earle alone with his anguish of grief and with the bodily fever which was beginning anew to fill his brain with wild, delirious visions. He was asking himself once more whether the strange warder who had come to his side as he worked in the quarry had been real or only a dream figure, when he saw the convict orderly who had been ministering to the dying man at the other end of the ward cross the floor softly towards his bed. He watched, though he only saw the things around him very confusedly, and presently the orderly slipped to his side and leaning over him, whispered close to his ear.

"That man at the end there is all but done for. He's only got two or three more breaths left in him, and the curses as he goes on with is terrible to listen to. He's in awful pain. He's been swallowing glass. That's how it is he's dying. But in between the groans and the curses he keeps on saying that he's got something he wants to tell you. He won't tell it to me.



Harry Earle's pickaxe dropped from his suddenly failing grasp at what he heard.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" MERIT THE ATTENTION OF ALL.

He says he must say it to you direct. He says you'd give your life to know it. Can you get out of your bed and come over to him? The warder is all right. He's sleeping over the fire. Come on. He's mad to say it, whatever it is—and I shouldn't wonder now if he draws his last breath before we reach him. The fool! He's only been here in the prison a week. Here, let me hold you up!"

"Are you sure his message is for me?" Harry Earle panted out. "Are you sure that he knows my name?"

"Sure? Why, he says he'd ask you a thousand quid for what he's got to tell you if he wasn't going down to his grave—and serve him blooming well right, too, for swallowing the glass. Come along!"

Staggering with weakness, throbbing and burning with fever and with the whole dim ward reeling round him, Harry Earle slowly crossed the vast length of floor that intervened between his own bed and the one in which the man lay who had sent a call to him from the very brink of death. Half led and half carried by the convict orderly, he reached the side of the bed, and fell on his knees by it heavily. He clutched at the shoulder of the dying prisoner, of whom he knew nothing—not even his name or his number.

"I am Harry Earle," he said, faintly. "If you have a message for me, for God's sake, tell it to me before it is too late."

The man tried to raise his head, but let it fall back with an oath and a hoarse cry of pain.

"It's for Jasmine Floyd—Jasmine Floyd—that I want to say what I know—what I saw. Put your head down close—quick! quick! before I'm struck dumb till the Judgment Day."

And breathing hard, Harry Earle stooped his head lower yet.

"Speak! for God's sake speak!"

(To be continued.)

Look out for another long instalment of this extraordinary story next week. Order your "MODERN MAN" now.

* * *

"Whisky is your greatest enemy." "But," said Mr. Jones, "don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?" "Oh, yes, Jones, but it don't say we are to swallow them."

* * *

THE KID SCORED.

Stout Party: "You know you can't get round me."

Urchin (who has been refused a donation): "No, guv'nor, I hain't a bloomin' hacrobat."

In a German paper appeared the following: "Wanted, in a family where there are no children a good cook who can play whist, so that she may take a hand in an emergency."

SURPRISE PACKETS.

Some Real Cheery Christmases.

Fancy finding a cheque for £10,000 lying on your plate at breakfast on Christmas Day! That was exactly what happened to a little French lace maker six Christmases ago. Her name was Rosalie Montobodial, and some one had persuaded her to invest five francs in the lottery managed by the "Society for encouraging home lace making." It was Rosalie's good fortune to draw the first prize, and from being quite poor she was suddenly raised to a position envied by all her neighbours.

A Treasured Telegram.

That same Christmas Day, 1906, afforded a pleasant surprise to two young fellows named Renard and Weyl, who were employed at the Hotel Metropole, Brussels, in humble capacities. They had bought between them four tickets in the General Institute's Lottery drawn in Paris. On Christmas morning came a telegram to say that each was the richer by the comfortable sum of 125,000 francs (£5,000).

They say that it is better to be lucky than good, but all the same, virtue sometimes meets with its own reward. Last Christmas the American Harvester Trust found that it had had the best year in its existence. A special meeting was held of the directors, and they decided to set aside £100,000 out of the profits to reward those of its two thousand employees who had shown special zeal or ability.

Some of these hard working folk received a pleasant little Christmas-box in the shape of a cheque for five hundred dollars (£100), and others were presented with smaller amounts.

When the Atlantic Transport Line was merged in the Morgan Shipping Trust, its president made Christmas happy for his former employees. Those who remained in the service of the new company received each £200 in the stock of the Trust, while those who lost their situations were given £400 apiece. The certificates were posted so as to arrive on Christmas Day.

Divorced Husband's Club.

In England, as well as in America, Christmases have been made merry and bright by the wise generosity of employers. Some ten years ago Lord Rayleigh started a profit-sharing scheme on his big farms in Essex. Each Christmas the bonus is distributed, and the employees who number about three hundred have four to five thousand pounds divided between them.

The merriest Christmas dinner seen in New York last year was one held in prison! In the New York county gaol are confined about a dozen gentlemen who have been divorced and imprisoned for contempt of Court in refusing to pay to their ex-wives the alimony ordered by the Courts.

These have formed a club known as the Alimony Club, and as they are all men of means they do themselves very well. Last Christmas they decided to have a big dinner, and entertain the chief warden, Mr. Thomas Rock, who seems to have been a particular friend of theirs.

The gaol regulations did not permit of wine, but apart from that the dinner was all that could be desired. The eldest member made the speech of the evening.

His First Peaceful Christmas.

"This is the first peaceful Christmas I have had in seven years of married life," he said. "Gentlemen, I give you the toast: 'To our unfortunate successors.'" The party ended the evening by sending a message to Mr. Carnegie: "We are with you for universal peace, and shall do all in our power to help the cause by remaining single."

Talking of Christmas in gaol, a man died recently in Bedford prison, who had spent no fewer than twenty-one consecutive Christmases in prison. His offences were seldom more serious than mere "drunk and disorderly," and were usually committed because, as he said, he was "a deal more comfortable in prison than anywhere else, and especially along about Christmas time."

Grandson and His Securities.

If presents make the perfect Christmas then a certain young William Goddard Iselin should have had the happiest. A year or two ago his grandfather, Mr. William Goddard, gave him as Christmas-box securities worth £200,000. Most of us could spend a really cheerful Christmas on that sum.

£250 CAN BE WON FOR FOOTBALL SKILL.

PREPARING THE PANTO.

A Dress Rehearsal Impression.

I blundered down some stone steps, knocked into a piece of scenery, cannoned into another, and finally tripped more or less gracefully over a papier-mache representation of a tree trunk.

I believe that in my annoyance I actually said "bother."

"What's the matter, kid?" observed a voice solicitously. "Hurt yourself?"

I turned quickly and espied a tall, graceful, and pretty girl, clad in tights. My eyes were becoming more used to the sepulchural gloom now, and I observed her scanty attire with some concern, for even beneath the weight of my great coat I was shivering.

"I'm not hurt, thanks," I replied. "When does the dress rehearsal start?"

She laughed. "Heaven and the stage manager can only tell that. What are you: one of these reporter fellows?"

"I am a dramatic critic," I corrected with dignity.

"All right," she smiled amiably. "We won't fall out about the title."

In the realm of the theatre introductions are a superfluity, so we chatted together in friendly fashion in the wings.

It was the morning before Christmas Day and the pantomime was to be produced on Boxing Day, but it was long past the hour fixed for the dress rehearsal—although the word "dress" is somewhat ambiguous when applied to a pantomime. Presently we were joined by scores of girls variously clad in tights and the start-too-late and leave-off-too-early type of clothes peculiar to pantomime. They all seemed in high spirits and apparently oblivious of the draught which swept across the stage.

The conductor, the stage manager, the "producer" and a tired-looking man made their appearance simultaneously on the stage. The tired-looking man I surmised was the author. I was right. All pantomime authors wear an habitual expression of weariness.

After some coaxing, a few threats and a series of gymnastic performances on the part of the conductor, the band kindly condescended to play the overture, and at last the rehearsal started. I watched the proceedings from a seat in the stalls, and as I sat there, with coat buttoned to my ears and clad in thick gloves, I pitied the poor girls who had to disport themselves on the stage in such unsubstantial clothes.

The stage manager was by instinct a contortionist. He would leap up from his seat, tear his hear in handfulls, gnash his teeth, roll his eyes, wave the prompt book frantically, and double himself up in a fury when anything went wrong—which was almost every two minutes. From another seat in the dress circle the "producer" was giving a very excellent imitation performance, while the conductor was swearing scientifically in German at the stolid musicians and the chorus. The author, with a cigarette in his mouth and still with the tired look, gazed immovably at the stage. After a time I began to wear that tired look, too.

The amply-proportioned principal boy wept bitterly because the stage-manager criticised her singing of the classic ballad, "You are my little bit of Yum-Yum," and the dainty principal girl threatened to throw up her part when she was told that she sang "I do like to go on the Wiz-Woz" after the manner of a Sunday School hymn.

The comedians, in between their acting interludes, wore the cheerful expression assumed by mutes at a funeral, and each assured me in turn that if it were not for his songs and "business," the show would be absolutely rotten.

There was chaos everywhere in this world behind the scenes. Some of the gorgeous dresses were unfinished, everybody seemed to know everybody else's part but their own, the chorus was wooden and stupid—(according to the stage-manager)—and by nine o'clock in the evening everybody was in a thoroughly bad temper.

I left shortly afterwards, carrying with me a vision of a stage-manager on the verge of an apoplectic seizure, a "producer" almost in hysterical tears, a conductor growling Teutonic imprecations, and a pathetic picture of the weary and cold chorus girls doing their best to satisfy the theatrical autocrats.

I was tired of the whole business.

What about the chorus girls? That, of course, is immaterial.

L. K. C.

SOME INCONGRUITIES.

As Seen by Our Artist.

1.—**The Heroine's Mother in Pantomine is invariably a man something like the above.**

2.—**The Principal Boy is, of course, always a girl with a highly developed figure.**

3.—**Why not then insist upon a Principal Girl being a Man as depicted?**

4.—**And the Heroine's Father a Woman like the last sketch?!!**

A PROUD SON.

Sir Walter Runciman, the well-known North of England steamship owner and father of Mr. Walter Runciman, delights in telling this story concerning his old friend, the late Lord Furness:—

At one of the then Mr. "Kit" Furness' early election meetings, a rude member of the audience at question-time asked if it was true that the candidate's father had been a coal-trimmer.

Mr. Furness proudly replied:—

"Such is the truth. My father once was a coal-trimmer, and I often had the great pleasure, as a small boy, of taking his meals to him at the docks here. And, moreover, I challenge the questioner, or any one else, to say that he was not a first-class trimmer."

AMUSE YOURSELF WITH OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

SOME FUNNY FARE.

An apprentice who had not pleased his employer one day came in for a chastisement, during the administration of which his master exclaimed, "How long will you serve the devil?"

The lad replied, whimpering, "You know best, sir. I believe my indenture will be out in three months."

* * *

A beggar posted himself at the door of the law courts, and kept saying, "A penny, please, sir? Only one penny, sir—before you go in?"

"And why, my man?" inquired a country gentleman.

"Because, sir, the chances are you will not have one when you come out."

* * *

A good old Scotch divine announced from his pulpit one Sunday that on the following Wednesday his round of pastoral visits would include the families residing in Sandhills, *embracing* all the servant girls in that district. Mrs. M'Alister says she'll never go and hear the old reprobate again.

* * *

A fellow once attended a masked ball without a mask or domino. The lady of the house, a little piqued at this slight, approached him and said, "And pray, sir, what character do you assume?" "I appear as a gentleman," said he. "Ah! a capital disguise!"—and he made himself scarce.

* * *

"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, hab you?"

"Yes, Jim, yes."

"Well, well, cheer up, man, adversity tries us and shows up our better qualities."

"Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was an old vagabone ob a judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

* * *

A DAB O' THE PEN.

What's a dab o' the pen? Weel, a dab o' the pen
Is a very wee thing as ye surely maun ken:
But a deal may be dune to mar or to men',
Wi' a very sma' dab o' a very sma' pen.

Ye may fasten your friens or embitter your foes,
Ye may add to your comforts or fill up your woes,
An' a word in gude season is better than ten
That we sometimes let slip wi' a dab o' the pen.

By a dab o' the pen ye may get a gude wife,
Or may get ane wha'll mak' ye be sick o' your life;
And its better off-han' in a way ye suld ken
To say a kind word than to tak' up a pen.

Some tak' up the pen an' write to a lass
And say that a minute they canna' let pass,
Without dreams o' their dearie an' richt oot comes then,
A proposal to marry by dab o' the pen.

A' dab comes the pen by return o' the post,
She says that in wonder an' trouble she's lost,
Sin' the day she was born she couldno bide men,
But noo she'll be Jamie's—by dab o' the pen.

We could say a deal mair, but 'twad weary ye,
So we only can wish that ye'll tak' precious care,
In what ye may write to women or men,
On bills or in letters, by dabs o' the pen.

* * *

A gentleman in want of a housekeeper recently tried an odd experiment. He advertised on Monday for a lady of education and elegant manners, qualified to act as a companion as well as housekeeper, and was overwhelmed with replies.

The only requirement in the advertisement of Wednesday was that the lady should be plain in features and a good housekeeper, but not a solitary applicant appeared to answer that appeal.

* * *

"Mister, how do you sell sugar?" "Sixpence a pound, sir." "Can't give it. I'll drink my coffee without sugar and kiss my wife for sweetening. Good day, sir."

"When you get tired of that kind of sweetening please call again." "I will." He called next day.

A youth, who much desired to wear the matrimonial yoke, had not sufficient courage to pop the question.

On informing his father of the difficulty he laboured under, the old gentleman replied: "Why, you great booby, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?"

"Oh, yes," said the bashful lover, "you married mother, but I've got to marry a strange girl."

* * *

A young lady purchased an assortment of music at a shop in the western part of the metropolis. On returning to her carriage, she recollected a piece she had neglected to buy.

"Sir," said she, on re-entering the shop, "there is yet one thing which I had forgotten, and which I now require you to give."

"And what is that?" inquired the young music-seller.

"It is, sir, 'One kind kiss before we part.'"

The gay youth vaulted instantaneously over the counter, and saluted the fair stranger.

* * *

An elderly woman, having experienced the effects of a prosy sermon, in a Scotch church, unfortunately fell asleep. The minister observing her, paused in his discourse, and in a loud voice thus addressed the delinquent: "Woman! there is no preaching in hell." "Perhaps not," was the reply. "But it's no for want o' par-ons."

* * *

A young lady, who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified herself by quoting the passage: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye likewise so unto them."

* * *

"Now, then, my hearties," cried a gallant captain, seeing that it was all over with his men, "fight like heroes till your powder's done; then run for your lives. I'm a little lame, I'll start now."

* * *

"How is it you allow your wife to beat you?"

"What am I to do? The doctor has recommended her exercise!"

* * *

"My brethren," said a well-known minister, "there are three kinds of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not, however, speak to you of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

* * *

The Reveller: 'Full! So'm I. We're both alike."

FIRSTS AND LASTS

Grand New Money-making and Fascinating Winter Evening Pastime.

Big Cash Prizes for Clever Readers.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" is our latest Grand Competition for the amusement and substantial profit of our thousands of Readers. Whatever amount is received, be it

£200

or more the whole will be distributed among the competitors sending in what are adjudicated by a competent staff to be the best "Firsts and Lasts." Here Readers have the opportunity of providing themselves with magnificent prizes. So begin now and go on building: the bigger the better.

How to make Firsts and Lasts.

Here is an example of what is meant by "Firsts and Lasts." If you examine the two words Trick Cyclists, you will find the first and last letters are "T" and "S," so that your "Firsts and Lasts" might be Turn Somersaults.

"Firsts and Lasts" must be written on coupons taken from this page, and each coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

These should be made payable to "Modern Man" and crossed "and Co." Do not send cheques.

You may send in two "Firsts and Lasts" on each coupon for Sixpence.

If any question arises as to the awards, or any other matter relating to the competition, the same must be decided by the Editor, whose decision is final, and competitors are only allowed to enter on this understanding.

Competitors may send in as many "Firsts and Lasts" as they like, but every double attempt must be written in ink on the coupons provided and accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

In sending more than one coupon a Postal Order for the amount covering the number dispatched will do.

Postal Orders only should be sent.

This week "Firsts and Lasts" may be constructed from the following examples:—

SWEET SEVENTEEN	CHRISTMAS CHEER
GATHERING MISTLETOE	LONG SERMONS
PANTOMIME REHEARSALS	SAILORS' PAY
SUFFRAGETTE OUTRAGES	LUCKY PEOPLE
DANGEROUS CRIMINALS	DIRTY ROADS
TROUBLESOME LODGERS	IRISH WIT

"Firsts and Lasts" Coupon No. 5.

CLOSES DECEMBER 17th.

WORDS SELECTED.	"FIRSTS AND LASTS."
Address	
Name	
	Name and Address of Newsagent.
No. Postal Order	

If you use coupon send Sixpence, if you use both of these coupons send One Shilling.

WORDS SELECTED.	"FIRSTS AND LASTS."
Name	Name and Address of Newsagent.
Address	
No. Postal Order	

Send in by Tuesday, 17th December. But don't wait till the Closing Day. Whenever received, every Coupon will be judged solely on its merits, but Competitors are requested to send their attempts as early as possible to facilitate the work of adjudicating. Please mark envelopes "Firsts and Lasts," "Modern Man" Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and write "Competition" No. 5 in the top left-hand corner of the envelopes.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR NEWSAGENTS.—In order to encourage newsagents, booksellers, etc., who sell MODERN MAN to take an interest in our "Firsts and Lasts" Competition, we invite readers to fill in space allowed the name and address of the Newsagent or other person from whom he or she purchased MODERN MAN so that special prizes may be awarded.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" PRIZE WINNERS.

We have great pleasure in announcing the names of the second batch of prize-winners in connection with our fascinating winter evening pastime "Firsts and Lasts"

The first prize of £6 goes to—

MISS MARY THOMSON, 4, Ann Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

The winning "First and Last" is—

PICTURE SHOWS: PERFORMERS "SPEECHLESS."

S. L. MIDDLETON, 1, Glebe Street, Leicester.

takes the second prize, £2 10s., with—

SUNDAY DESECRATION: SATAN NIBBLING.

Ten prizes of 5s. each are awarded to—

HENRY BISHOP, 7, Bonser Road, Folkestone.
B. R. LYNE, c/o Drummond, 15, Crighton Place, Edinburgh.
JAMES LOVATT, Brynderwen Road, Ammanford, Carmarthenshire.
S. MITTON, 41, Tremellen Street, Accrington, Lancs.
J. HEPTONSTALL, 101, Westminster Road, Morecambe, Lancs.
TOM MOORE, 8, Gale, Littleborough, Lancs.
CHARLES M. RAY, East Lodge, South Darenth, Kent.
THOMAS F. FORSTER, West Avenue, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
A. RODWAY, 26, Long Street, Birmingham.
H. LOVELACE, 136, Acomb Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

Miss Thomson informs us that she purchased her copy of *Modern Man* while travelling.

PROBLEM FOR POKER PLAYERS.

"Coomassie" (W. Africa) propounds a poker problem, which we have decided to submit to our readers. It runs as follows:—

Poker being played with the joker in the pack.

A player sits with "a full house," kings up—against his opponent's four aces (including the joker) with a two for the fifth card. Who wins?

THE FOOTBALL COMPETITION IS QUITE FREE.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By Our Expert.

NECK AND BACK EXERCISE.

Seat yourself on a chair, and pass a towel behind your neck, holding each end of it firmly in your hands.

Now lower the hands, forcing the head downward, and all the time resisting the downward pressure with the neck.

This exercise amounts simply to a tug-of-war between the neck and the back, and the arms. While the hands pull down, the neck is pulling back.

When you have brought your face almost to your knees, slightly relax the pressure of the hands upon the towel, and force the body back to its former position. While you are doing this, you are allowing the neck to win, so to speak, but you must keep up a certain amount of resistance with the towel.

A Tricky Trick.

A most amusing trick, but one of great physical benefit may be performed as follows: Take a strong wooden-backed chair and stick a pin in the back of the seat near the side.

Now sit on the chair in the ordinary way. The object is from this position to extract the pin with your teeth while still sitting on the chair. The only way to achieve this is to get round the back of the chair, but the difficulty is to avoid overbalancing.

Grasp the top rail of the chair-back with the left hand and the bottom of the off hind leg—excuse the "horsey" expression—with the right hand. You will then be able to get the pin without much trouble, but the most difficult part remains—and that is returning to the sitting position. You will have to go slowly, and push your body back by sheer exercise of muscle, rather than by sudden jerks. The latter will almost upset your equilibrium, and send you to the floor, chair, and all, for, needless to say, the feet must be clear of the floor the whole time.

The trick is extremely amusing to watch, though it is advisable to give the performer a wide berth, otherwise you may get entangled in his flying legs if he loses his balance. It needs a strong man and a strong chair for its achievement.

Taking it Easy.

Many a holiday maker spoils his enjoyment by rushing too violently into hard exercise.

He starts off by walking thirty miles or playing three rounds of golf, and he suffers from it.

It is a mistake to suppose that because you come back from a long day's exercise with a prodigious appetite that you have done yourself good.

Writing in the "Daily Mail" the other day, a doctor recorded the case of a young man who, on the first day of his holiday, took a very long walk, returned with a huge appetite, and ate a tremendous dinner. In the middle of the night he had a very bad attack of acute indigestion, and medical assistance had to be obtained.

You see, he had so exhausted himself that although the appetite was there, he could not digest his meal.

Go easy, therefore, at the beginning of holidays, and don't eat a heavy meal when thoroughly tired. Have something light and nourishing, such as soup, and then either go to bed or lie down for an hour or so.

BRIEF REPLIES.

H.S.C. (Dublin).—Yes, with his unique system, Professor Trowse can guarantee to put two or three inches on your present height.

A.J.B. (Manchester).—Violent bleeding from the nose may often be checked by this method: Plunge hand and forearm into cold water, keeping them there for a few minutes. Then take them out and hold them high above the head.

Powdered alum sniffed up the bleeding nostril, after the manner of snuff, is another good remedy for *excessive* nasal bleeding. Ordinary bleeding from the nose should not be checked. It is generally an effort of Nature to relieve herself.

L.C. (Bolton).—The sufferer from chronic constipation should eat: Bran bread, grapes, stewed prunes, French plums, muscatel raisins, figs, oatmeal porridge, lentils, vegetables of all kinds, especially *spinach*.

Bending and stooping exercises are useful, and so are *cold* baths.

R.M. (Bristol).—See answer to H.S.C. (Dublin) above.

OVER THE ROPES.

Boxers and Their Prospects.

Johnny Summers, the Welterweight Champion, will defend his belt against Sid Burns to-night at the National Sporting Club, and a fine display of scientific hitting is expected by all who know the abilities of the men engaged.

Summers has undoubtedly the harder wallop, and is all there with the fast two-handed business (ask Young Josephs), but at long range, perhaps Burns has a shade in his favour on account of his extra weight, reach, and height.

Burns has not been seen in action for quite a while, and his present form cannot be guessed at, but Summers' recent K.O. victory over Young Josephs showed him to be on top of his form.

Burns beat Summers by a slight margin of points early in the year, and Johnny is anxious to wipe that little reverse out, especially as he says he was not in the best of health at the time.

* * *

Freddie Welsh was not sorry to hear of the victory of Willie Richie over Wolgast for the lightweight championship of the world. Freddie has been clamouring for a match for the mundane title, but Wolgast has always preferred men of less velocity than the little Welshman. However, if Richie takes up the usual lines of new champions, he will be just as coy as his predecessor, and Freddie will be left in the cart.

* * *

How did a certain light-heavy weight boxer, standing over 6ft., like the clout on the jaw he got the other evening at King's Cross from a little chap with an ear which looked about the same thickness as Driscoll's, and what is the latter's time for the quarter-mile?

CANNOT BE BEATEN.

If any of our readers desire this Christmas to please a friend who smokes, we strongly recommend him to make a present of an Unbay pipe. The Unbay, which is in great demand, enhances the pleasure of pipe smoking, and, like all great ideas, is delightfully simple. The pipes are manufactured in London, and in quality and finish cannot be beaten.

* * *

Captain Podge: "Hallo, Hercules!"
Kid: "What cher, Tiny."

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION IS QUITE FREE.

TERRITORIALS ON TRIAL.

Colonel Seely and His Encouragement to Employers.

It is now made known that Colonel Seely's plan, hinted at months ago, for encouraging employers to encourage their employees to join the Territorials, amounts to a proposal that a remission be made to the former in the matter of the contributions they have paid under the Insurance Act on account of the latter.

Fooling with a Question.

This is playing the fool with a question of momentous national importance.

A White Paper just issued brings the figures of the Territorial Force practically up-to-date. For the year ending on the last day of last September, recruiting was pretty active, 57,940 joining against 39,080 for the twelve previous corresponding months. It is less satisfactory to learn that from October 1st, 1911, to September 30th, 1912, only 39,681 engagements were renewed out of 80,403 that expired.

The present strength of the Force is, in non-commissioned officers and men, 252,152; in officers, 9,236—total 261,388, a falling-off from this time last year of 2,725 of all ranks.

The authorised establishment strength being 11,249 officers and 302,039 privates and non-coms., we are short of these figures by 2,013 and 40,887 respectively, or 51,000 altogether.

Now the full numerical standard was a calculated standard, and it is unthinkable that it was deliberately set unnecessarily high. It follows that we cannot with safety afford to drop below it by 51,000. If the Secretary of State for War entertains the expectation that he is going to make good the deficiency, or anything like it, by his scheme of "encouraging" employers who are so sordidly selfish and miserably unpatriotic as to need such "encouragement," and so paltry-minded as to be influenced by what he proposes to offer them, he entertains an expectation that is clearly unwarranted by reason.

Thousands Absent from Camp.

Turn to the statistics as to efficiency. During the year especially under review, no more than 161,850 men and officers attended camp for the full period, all too short though that period is. No troops in the world can be efficiently trained to face the actual conditions, of modern warfare, between the armies of civilised peoples without the collective training of the camp. This year nearly 35,000 of our Territorials (in round figures) never went near a camp at all, of these 37 officers and 6,019 men absenting themselves without leave—which speaks as loudly and as badly as regards discipline. As for rifle practice and efficiency, 53 battalions did no company field-firing, and more than 20,000 recruits and more than 13,000 trained men failed to pass the test. A soldier in these days who can't shoot straight had better take his uniform off, for he is only in the way.

We want hitters, not bullet stoppers.

Apathetic Young Manhood.

Horace bade us to hope everything and expect nothing. At first we not only hoped but expected that in Territorialism the country would find salvation from its unpreparedness. For a time we hoped against hope. We have not lost hope yet, but we confess that we are losing it, although, unlike some critics of the Force, we hold firmly to our early confidence in its potentialities of success.

If after all it fails, the blame of failure, in our opinion, will lie ultimately where the blame of its grievous shortcomings lies now—on the shoulders of Britain's apathetic young manhood. If those shoulders continue to shirk the light burden of to-day, they will have to bear a heavier one to-morrow.

In the midst of blame and censure, let us not forget to praise, and give credit to whom credit is due. Efficient Territorials, among whom we are gratified and proud to know our readers are to be included in goodly numbers, have made themselves efficient by self-sacrifices, the measure and cost of which, in the aggregate, are incalculable. The few have done duty for the many. To every one of them the country owes a debt of gratitude which it does little to acknowledge and less to repay.

Swank: It is said that aggressive, impulsive people usually have black eyes.

Frank: That's right. If they haven't got them at first they get them later.

23/6

ALL WOOL DOUBLE-BREASTED

OVERCOAT

To measure, 23/6

(Valued by our customers everywhere at £3 3s. 0d.)

This Coat is the most wonderful Tailoring creation of the century; not only ALL WOOL, but PURE WOOL. Perfect Style, Perfect Cut, Perfect Finish, Perfectly Trimmed. Curzon Bros., the famous Tailors, are making the above wonderful offer as a special inducement to those who have not yet tested their clothing value.

SEND POSTCARD FOR FREE PATTERNS.

Together with patterns we send you fashion plates and tape measure, with complete instructions for accurate self-measurement. We fit you, no matter where you live, or refund the full amount of your purchase money.

ONE SILVER AND FOUR GOLD MEDAL AWARDS.

Read our unique list of unsolicited testimonials, £5,000 forfeited if not absolutely genuine.

OVERCOATS TO MEASURE 21/-, 25/-, 30/-, 34/-, 37/6
GOLD MEDAL SUITS TO MEASURE from 21/- to 45/-
All these qualities have been valued by customers at more than double our charges.

Those residing in London should call.

CURZON BROS., English, American and Colonial Tailors, (Dept. 142),
60-62, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.
West End Depot, 133 & 135, Oxford St. W., (First Floor Showrooms, over the London Louvre.)
Also in Paris, Brussels, Liege, and throughout England's Colonies.

MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

THE LEAGUE BADGE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor, do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms, and at the following prices.

OUR ATHLETIC BADGE.

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

Athletic Badge for Costume ..... 1s. 6d.

Athletic Badge for hat or cap ..... 1s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZORS?

THE TRUMP CARD.

A GIRL AND HER GAMING DEBTS.

The players rose from the table and the hum of conversation filled the room.

Marjorie Stapleton dazedly groped her way to the window opening on to the balcony and gazed with unseeing eyes at the moonlit lawn. A feeling of hopelessness surged through her, and her eyes filled with tears.

A voice at her side roused her from her bitter reverie.

"I am afraid that your luck at bridge to-night has been rather evasive, Miss Stapleton."

She wheeled round proudly. "Yes. The luck has been against me, Mr. Welford. You have my—my I.O.U.'s, and I hope to redeem them very shortly," she said with spirit.

Oliver Welford laughed. It was not a pleasant laugh and the girl shivered involuntarily.

"I am a business man, Miss Stapleton, and I regard my business from a business standpoint. Do you really think there is any immediate probability of this little—er, obligation being met?"

She stammered confusedly. "I—I hope in the next few days to let you have the money," she replied. "I shall then have had time to communicate with—with ——"

"With whom, Miss Stapleton?" demanded Welford in a voice from which the menace was not disguised.

"With—with—" she commenced tremulously.

Welford laid his hand on her arm for a moment. "Miss Stapleton, let us be frank with each other. Confess that you have not a soul in the world to turn to to ask for this money."

His tone frightened her, and she looked at him with swimming eyes.

"Is there anyone?" he persisted.

She looked down and her mouth quivered. "I—I don't think there is—not now," she whispered at last.

"Debts of honour should always be paid first," he said gravely, "and you cannot pay this one."

"I—I can in time," she said in a half whisper.

"It is nearly £50," he reminded her, "and to you that is a lot of money. There is only one way that you can repay this obligation."

"And that is ——" she breathed.

"By marrying me," he rejoined calmly.

She faced him in astonishment. "Mr. Welford, this is impossible!"

"It is not impossible, and I rather think that you will agree to my terms."

He came nearer to her. "Miss Stapleton, I am a business man, but I have my moments of sentiment. I love you!"

"I am sorry, Mr. Welford, but ——"

"Do not decide too hastily. As you know, I am a rich man, and as my wife I could give you the hundred and one luxuries that are denied you now. If you refuse, reluctantly I shall have to proclaim your indebtedness to me—and the proclamation will not be exactly pleasant for you," he added, his eyes gleaming maliciously.

"Not that," she implored, her hands going out to him appealingly, "not that!"

"It is for you to decide," he said, grimly. "Think it over. I will give you until to-morrow." The next moment he was gone.

She sank on to the low window seat and gave way to her despair. She could see nothing in the future but an alliance with a man she hated. Her world of happiness crumbled, and gave way to a vista of grey misery.

She rose to go to her room, and crossing the hall she was greeted cheerily by a young man who was seated by the glowing log fire.

"You don't look very merry and bright for a Christmas Eve gathering, Miss Stapleton."

"I'm not feeling very well, Mr. Tennant," she explained wearily. "I have a headache and am just going to my room."

"Do take compassion on my loneliness," he begged. "They've all deserted me."

Silently she crossed the hall and sat down facing him on a seat in the ingle-nook.

"Miss Stapleton," he said, suddenly. "I am afraid that you are very unhappy. Can I help you at all?"

"It is nothing," she protested. "really it is nothing."

"It is something," he maintained stoutly, "and, you will forgive me speaking so bluntly, it concerns money."

"Mr. Tennant!" gasped Marjorie, looking into his handsome young face in bewilderment.

"I am taking the privilege of an old friend in speaking to you like this," he went on soberly, "and I want to help you."

"You can't help me," she murmured miserably.

"Yes, I can," he said determinedly, "and I'm going to do so. How much do you owe that beast Welford?"

Marjorie would have risen from her seat, but he gently restrained her.

"Forgive me," he said, "but I could not help overhearing what he said to you to-night. He's a cad, and I'd like to thrash the life out of him."

"It won't help matters," she whispered. "Leave me to fight this battle alone."

"You can't fight a scoundrel like Welford, Miss Stapleton. It is a man's work, and I shall have great pleasure in taking it on," he added grimly.

"You are too good, Mr. Tennant, but ——"

He left his seat and stood near her. For a moment he held her slim little hand in his, and she felt her heart beating tremulously.

"Stay here," he whispered. "I shan't be away long."

Dick Tennant found Welford in the billiard-room.

"Here comes the gay and festive Richard," cried Welford.

"I should like to have a word with you," said Dick quietly.

"Certainly, my dear boy," rejoined Welford, who was in high spirits, feeling certain of the victory which awaited him on the morrow. "Do you want to borrow some money?"

"No," responded Dick, grimly. "I want to pay you some."

"That's good news," smiled Welford somewhat uneasily, "but I wasn't aware that you owed me any."

"Nor I—until a few minutes ago. I want you to hand me a few interesting little slips of paper which bear Miss Stapleton's hand-writing, in return for which I will give you a cheque for £50."

"But my dear Tennant, you must be joking," blustered Welford in protest.

"It may be a joke, but you will fail to see the humorous side of it if my little demand is not gratified," rejoined Dick.

"I could not dream of doing such a thing," spluttered Welford. "The matter is entirely between Miss Stapleton and myself. What is your position in the matter?"

"This bluff is no use, Welford," said Dick quietly. "I have only to open my mouth and Mr. Oliver Welford, ex Mr. James Fresnay, the well-known card sharper, will have the unwelcome glare of publicity on him. As to my position in the matter, Miss Stapleton has promised to be my wife," he added, uttering the lie with perfect composure.

Welford glared at him. "Give me the cheque," he muttered thickly.

"I'll take the I.O.U.'s first," put in Dick with an ominous mildness. "Thank you," he added. "And now, Mr. Oliver Welford, I should advise you to take the milk train in the morning for London. I need hardly add that I hope I shall never see you again!"

A few moments later he was standing at Marjorie's side in the hall. She looked very charming in the half-light, her figure silhouetted against the leaping flames.

"These were yours," he said, handing her the little packet of I.O.U.'s.

She looked at him wonderingly, and then dropped them slowly into the fire.

"What has happened?" he echoed, in response to her bewildered question. "Oh, nothing that you need worry about. You will never be annoyed by Mr. Oliver Welford again. He leaves for London early in the morning!"

She took his hand gratefully. "How can I thank you?" she murmured.

"There's nothing to thank me for," he said huskily. "But I ought to apologise for one thing. As a trump card in securing those I.O.U.'s I told him a lie. I told him that—that you had promised to marry me," he added nervously.

She looked at him with dancing eyes for a second.

"And that wasn't true, of course," she said at last, quietly.

"No, it wasn't true," he whispered ruefully.

"It wasn't true, because—because —— Why don't you help me?" she demanded half imperiously, half tremulously.

"How can I?" he protested, bewildered.

"You dear old stupid, it wasn't true because you hadn't asked me," she laughed breathlessly.

The next moment she was in his arms, under the Christmas mistletoe—and Dick didn't ask her after all!"

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CRAYDON HEATER WINS FOR

THE BULL'S HEAD.

DRAMATIC STORY OF TWO MEN AND A MAID.

"See that?" asked the Vicar. I looked up in the direction he pointed.

Fifty feet up, and jutting from the western side of Cainsby Church tower was a huge, gargoyle-like carving of a bull's head, with one horn missing.

"That's very curious," I remarked.

"Care to hear the yarn connected with it?"

"Delighted," I replied.

When in his study, the reverend gentleman, after puffing a cloud of fragrant tobacco smoke into the air, began: "It's the story of two men and a maid—Ronald Valwood, clerk in holy orders; Dick Almworth, the squire's son, and rotter to the core; and Marigold Marchmont, the sweetest little marigold that ever bloomed in an old country garden.

"Ronald and Marie deeply loved each other, and the villagers were looking forward expectantly to their marriage. Yet Almworth, in spite of this knowledge, pestered Marie with his unwelcome attentions, and ultimately Ronald intimated what would happen if it continued.

"One afternoon, after some particularly insulting behaviour of Almworth's, Ronald bade good his threat, and the squire's son retired, sore and bruised in body, but desperately revengeful in mind.

"On the day of Christmas Eve the village folks were decorating their church for Christmas Day. Ronald and Marie were superintending. Dick Almworth came in to help, and they were surprised to find that his manner had become quite deferential and apologetic.

"Ronald thought that the thrashing had done him good. Marie wanted to ignore him, but Ronald said: 'Marie, dear, it's Christmas time; let's keep peace and good-will with all men—even with Almworth.'

"Ronald could not return to the church after lunch, as he had duties to perform in a neighbouring village. Dick Almworth knew this. He also knew that Marie would be engaged until sunset in the old church, and on the knowledge of these two facts he based his plan of revenge.

"Towards the end of the afternoon, Marigold was just about to leave, for it was growing dark, when the door at the other end of the church opened. She was surprised to see her lover come back. He called out to her, 'Marigold! See, I'm back early. Get me, will you, dear, a ball of string from the ringing chamber above.' She thought it an unusual thing for him to ask, but, only too willing to do anything for him, she lighted a lantern which was always kept ready at the foot of the steps. The dim light showed up the black-coated clerical figure, busy at the bottom of the church, apparently tying up some evergreens.

"Cautiously climbing the winding stone steps she reached the ringers' room, but no ball of string could she see.

"She turned to descend—but horrors! Dick Almworth was standing in the doorway of the ringing-room, clad in a clergyman's coat and hat!

"She almost dropped the lantern. Fear, a horrible, trembling fear gripped her. Why was Dick Almworth masquerading like that? And then the horrible realisation came. He had disguised himself as her lover to lure her into the tower. But why?

"'What is the meaning of this?' she demanded indignantly.

"'Don't I make a fine, handsome parson?' he sneered, ignoring her question. 'Really it's only the togs that make the Reverend Ronald Valwood so damned holy-looking. Now, my beauty! Let me see what kisses from those pretty trembling lips feel like!' He came towards her with eyes all agloat.

"Without hesitating, she hurled the lantern full in his face.

"He reeled backwards and she slipped past him in the darkness. But how could she escape him? To hurry down those dark, stone steps meant to be certainly dashed to pieces, for she had ascended at least fifty of them. Then a happy thought came to her poor, bewildered little head.

"There was a door further up, which shut off the bell-chamber. If she could only reach that before he recovered from the blow!

"Stumbling, bruising her knees and hands, she staggered up and up. Thank God! She just reached the door, reversed and turned the key, as Almworth, mad with pain and chagrin, banged his shoulder against it.

"But the door was by now strongly barred and bolted, and Almworth tried vainly to force it.

"Marigold had often been in the bell-room before, so, picking her way carefully across to the old paneless window, she shouted with all her might. Her little voice, however, was carried by the wind away from the village.

"That's it, you little beauty, shout away! Tell everybody you're up in the Cainsby belfry alone with Dick Almworth! Go on, shout away! The Reverend Mr. Valwood will be the first to appreciate such conduct. Ha, ha!'"

"His words made her fully realise the awful, compromising position in which she had placed herself. As she thought of it, she wished that she had flung herself headlong down the steps, rather than have climbed to this room in which she was imprisoned. Better to have died than suffer this. His cruel vindictive taunts seemed to shrivel her soul. She stopped her ears with her fingers. It was horrible, horrible!

"Bending as far out of the tower window as she could, she strained her eyes in the hope of catching sight of someone who could help her. As she did so, the rotten framework of the window gave way, and withdrawing her head and shoulders quickly she heard it crash below. But not on the roof. It had struck first on the stone bull's head projecting from the wall, straight down below her.

"She looked out. The rising moon showed her the huge head.

"A sudden inspiration came. Could she reach it? She knew where the old ropes were kept.

"Anything would be better than staying in that weird room, for Almworth was horrifying her with the gruesome story of the ghost that was supposed to haunt the bells.

"She made up her mind. The moon made the chamber light. She quickly gathered a long, stout rope and tied one end to a bell-stay. Carefully feeling all along its length, she found that it was perfectly sound. Kneeling, she prayed fervently to her Maker to preserve her on the perilous descent she was about to make.

"Almworth had by now gone below and fetched a bar from the ringer's room, and the door, creaking ominously, told the horror-stricken girl that it was weakening.

"She clambered carefully out of the window; then slowly and painfully, the rough rope cutting her frail hands and ankles, began to descend. It seemed hours before her little feet touched the bull's head. But there she stood. Not daring to look down from that dizzy height, she stood clinging to the rope. Then, slowly lowering herself, she sat sideways on the great thick neck, pressing closely against the masonry. And not a moment too soon, for Almworth had forced the door and was hacking through the rope. It fell, struck her head and shoulders and wound its way sinuously round the massive horns of the great head. Then all was silent.

"Almworth stretched out of the window and saw her seated on the head.

"His rage was such when he saw that she had escaped, that he hurled the iron bar down at her. Revolving and whizzing, it hurtled towards the terrified girl. Providentially it missed her, but carried away one of the massive horns.

"She waited, paralysed with fear. Then, turning carefully in her precarious position, she saw the rope. Her heart gave a great bound. Thank God! Here was a means of escape! She knotted one end round the remaining horn.

"Hark! What was that? Surely footsteps below. Yes, somebody had seen her. Somebody was calling.

"Hardly knowing what she did, she swung herself from her seat, and lowered herself to the roof of the church, slipped down the slanting stone tiles, till the head of a side buttress stopped her. Then she swooned.

"Fetching a ladder, the sexton, who had come to see to the fires before going to bed, found her—a huddled, unconscious heap.

"Ronald, not finding her at home, had gone to the church, and it was his arms that carried her to earth again.

"But upstairs, in that dark, old bell-chamber, was another huddled heap, that no power on earth could ever restore.

"Weakened in heart and brain by the dissipated life he had led, the anger and passion of the last hour had done their fatal work. His wicked heart had ceased its throbbing—and so they found him."

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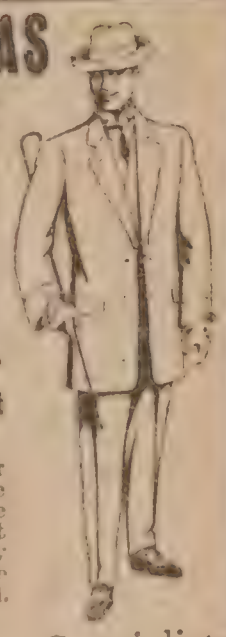
CLOTHES FOR CHRISTMAS



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SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE. SEE PAGE 1667.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

It seems a bit out of place to talk of stocks and shares in the Christmas number.

* * *

As, however, Christmas issues favour us with their company in these days at a time when we are all trying to make a little bit extra for the festive season, I do not consider any apology is necessary.

* * *

My strong tip about Districts is more than ever justified, and the stock is rapidly rising.

* * *

One of the most important financial dailies even suggests that holders of Metropolitan Consolidated would be well advised to change their Stock for District Ordinary.

* * *

Readers who carefully study my notes each week will observe that I endeavour to advise my readers of good things before the rise, instead of doing a cock-crow when the stock has rapidly advanced and the insiders start unloading.

* * *

On any reaction buy District Ordinary and hold for a rise to £45; but if you are an investor, and prepared to wait a while, hold for a much bigger figure.

* * *

I quote below the net revenue of the two lines for the last four or five years, which clearly demonstrates the enormous advance in Districts:—

Half-year Ended	Net revenue. Metropolitan.	District.
December 31st, 1907	155,700 ..	68,400
June 30th, 1908	157,000 ..	93,100
December 31st, 1908	174,200 ..	108,000
June 30th, 1909	186,200 ..	125,200
December 31st, 1909	185,100 ..	126,900
June 30th, 1910	197,500 ..	156,700
December 31st, 1910	203,000 ..	150,200
June 30th, 1911	205,100 ..	174,400
December 31st, 1911	201,200 ..	164,800
June 30th, 1912	200,000 ..	203,300

These figures should be sufficient proof to you that my advice to buy Districts is sound.

* * *

Another good thing that I strongly recommended at £50 was Grand Trunk Third Pref.—the present price is about £57, a nice seven point rise. What a profit, and all in two or three weeks!

* * *

The Grand Trunk Traffic return for the last nine days of November shows a gain of £43,016, which was much in excess of market expectations.

* * *

Home Rails were about the best market of the house last week, as there was a general all round recovery in prices. South-Eastern Deferred and Little Chats being again very active.

* * *

Great Central Preferred also have shown a substantial increase and no doubt readers will remember my advising them of this stock as an excellent lock up two or three months ago.

* * *

There has been very little business doing in the Industrial market.

* * *

National Telephone Deferred have been on offer, and Marconi's continue dull.

* * *

Among traction descriptions New Central Omnibuses have been in request, and Associated Omnibuses have hardened to 5s. 3d.

* * *

There is a rumour about that National Steam Cars are likely to amalgamate with the L.G.O., but I cannot believe this.

My feeling is that National Steam Cars will keep out of the ring and prove a very prosperous independent company.

* * *

I hear good news of the Victoria Falls Power Company, and the six per cent. cumulative Preference shares at £1 each look attractive at about par.

* * *

Victoria Falls Power is making excellent progress, and the continual increase in the net earnings shows that they will be able to pay off the arrears due on the Preference Shares as well as the current year's dividend.

* * *

There has been some good investment buying in the rubber market, buyers being attracted by excellent crop returns and a continued rise in the commodity.

* * *

Any readers wishing to purchase shares in this market should write and let me know the amount they wish to lay out and I will advise them accordingly the shares to buy.

* * *

It is the younger companies which have now come into the dividend paying list that should be picked up, as the output and dividends in such instances are likely to improve for years to come.

* * *

The Oil Share market still holds back under the depressing influences of foreign politics. It is very doubtful if we shall see any substantial improvement now until after Christmas.

* * *

At the meeting of the Maikop Pipe Line last week it was agreed to amalgamate with the Mutual. I notice shares of the Pipe Line hardened a few pence, but I cannot recommend them to my readers.

* * *

There is very little doing in the mining market just now, and I rather advise speculators to leave this and other markets alone until after Christmas.

* * *

The report of the Ashanti Gold Fields is excellent reading. The output for the year ending June 30th last was £488,597, an increase of £62,682 last year.

* * *

The Ore Reserves are estimated at a gross value of £1,481,000, and a profit value of over half a million.

* * *

Ashanti Gold Fields are certainly worth buying. As I have said before it is the one good thing of the West African Market.

* * *

There has been very little business doing among Nigerians, and I am pleased to note that the Rayfield Company which I have recommended to my readers as the good thing in this market report that the output for November is 30 tons, an increase of five tons for last month.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

J.R. (Clapham).—I strongly advise you not to invest a penny in the Consolidated Oil Fields of South Africa.

S.S. (Essex).—By all means buy Districts; you are bound to come home with a substantial profit in two or three months. Casey Cobalt are all right and likely to pay big dividends very soon.

J.G. (Leeds).—You had better not sell your Premier Oil at present price, as the Company is doing well, and the shares are bound to come up again.

J.L. (Bradford).—As you have something in hand, I should sell your Associated Cement Ordinary, as I doubt if the price goes much better for some time.

D.A. (Manchester).—Grand Trunk third pref. are an excellent lock up, and the stock is inclined to go much better.

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MAKE MONEY WHILE YOU CAN.

THE COVETED TROPHY.

Football Teams and Their Prospects.

How time flies! Scarcely a month to go, and we shall be in the throes of the competition proper for the F.A. cup, and then but a very few pay days—certainly not enough—and we shall all be on our way to the Palace to see, probably, Aston Villa and another team of the same calibre fighting it out to decide who shall have the guardianship of the cup for the ensuing twelve months. Before we come to the competition proper, however, there is another interesting performance due to take place—the last round of the qualifying competition, to be played on Saturday.

The Irony of Fate.

Of the twelve matches to be played, at least seven will have little or no influence on the ultimate outcome of this competition, as the victors will not get much further, but against that the other five are of more than ordinary interest, since teams in the Second Division and Southern League are engaged.

It savours of the irony of fate, and is certainly unfortunate for both, that Brentford and Watford should have been drawn together, not so much because either of them have any pretentions to do a great deal, but because one must suffer in not being able to play at least one match in the competition proper, and will so be deprived of the benefit of getting a "gate," a big factor in these days.

Brentford have gone out earlier in the week, and Watford will be up against Chesterfield Town, and they should certainly see to it that that aspiring combination do not get any further.

Gillingham's Form.

Glossop will pull through all right, having an easy thing on in entertaining Southall, and Lincoln City will surely be amongst the number to go into the hat when the draw for the first round takes place. They have not a difficult task at South Shields. Gillingham are drawn against a North-Eastern Combination in Spennymoor United. I do not know anything about the latter except that I am told they have a nasty habit of upsetting the form of most of their opponents, but it is not likely to come off in this case, as on the form they are showing this season, Gillingham should be good enough to account for any outsiders.

What the match between Tottenham and Chelsea was to London last week, so will the meeting of the former and Woolwich at Manor Field be this. I have written so much about the "'Spurs" lately, and discussed their chances, that it will serve no useful purpose in going over the same ground again, and suffice it to say that I think they will effect a draw on this occasion.

No Easy Task for Chelsea.

Chelsea will find no easy task in getting the better of Middlesbrough, but they may just about manage it by an odd goal, certainly no more.

Everton should get both points out of their game with Sunderland, and Oldham can beat Notts County if playing in anything like their best form.

In the Second Division it looks a good thing for Birmingham to beat Leeds City, and others that should win are Burnley, Huddersfield and Preston North End. Hull and Wolverhampton may effect a draw, and the match between Clapton Orient and Barnsley end in a like result.

The match between Plymouth and Gillingham in the Southern League will not take place, the latter, as I have already mentioned, being engaged in a cup-tie. Don't forget this, when sending away your commissions. Some likely results are that Brighton will beat Bristol Rovers, Reading will probably triumph over Stoke, and Southampton get two points out of Norwich City. Most of the others have an open appearance, and I do not care to meddle with them.

* * *

Elvina and Araminta were such dear friends. At any rate, they always kissed each other on meeting and leaving: and the people who said those kisses were more like bites might have been mistaken.

"I get my good looks from my mother," said Elvina one day.

"I shouldn't tell that to any but your best friends, then," said Araminta, "Because, you know, some horrid people might say your mother was stingy!"

CROYDON READER WINS £25.

No. 5 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

In the No. 5 Football Competition a Croydon reader succeeded in forecasting thirteen correct results out of sixteen matches given, and, therefore, takes the prize of £25.

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Write to-day for Booklet:
"How to BUY A HOUSE in the Right Way," which will be sent free. Active Agents wanted. Excellent Prospects.
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When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Man."

FREE "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS WILL MAKE YOU LAUGH.

OUR WHEELERS' COLUMN.

Cycle Notes and Bargains.

The only stipulation which is made in connection with our Free Exchange Bureau is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed below.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

If any proof were required of the need of an all black, or in other words, devoid of plating, machine that could be cleaned with a brush and a bucket of water, it was supplied at the Olympia Show by the manufacturers themselves. On several stands were displayed actual machines, fresh from recent meritorious performances, and bearing in mind the weather of late, their condition can be better imagined than described; two hours' hard work would scarcely be enough to make them presentable, instead of the 15 minutes that would suffice, if water and a stiff brush were the only cleaning necessities. Contrary to general expectation, no startling departures from belt to chain drive were made in the 1913 models, as we were led to believe by several well known experts, and in spite of the abnormal amount of rain, which is inimical to belt drive, that we have experienced this year, the belt seems to be easily holding its own; in fact, now that three speed gears are becoming common I anticipate that belts will become even more popular, as these gears require gentle handling, and this is materially assisted by the shock absorbing quality of a belt, which is practically lacking in chain drive.

MOTOR CYCLES.

Premier, 2¾-h.p., 1912; new October; cost £36; unpunctured, perfect condition, £27. Motor Box, 69, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A.S.L. Precision, 3½-h.p., 1912, new £52 10s. machine; accept £31.—16, Haverstock Hill (Opp. Chalk Farm Tube), London.

CYCLES.

Rudge path racer, 25-inch Hubbard's tubulare, Renold, Soares, bargain, £2 5s.—Cycle Box 34, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

COUPON.

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

_____

_____

_____

Name and Address _____

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

RACING SELECTIONS.

By "The Old Hand."

LINGFIELD PARK, FRIDAY.

Cowden Selling Steeplechase: Titteestone.
Winter Handicap Hurdle Race: Thirty Three.
Cobham Three-Year-Old Selling Hurdle Race: Nobbie.
Southern Counties' Handicap Hurdle Race: Ballymadun.
Covert Side Steeplechase: Delirium.

LINGFIELD PARK, SATURDAY.

Open Hunter's Handicap Steeplechase: Sir Abercorn.
Year's End Handicap Steeplechase: Galoshes.
Hever Hurdle Handicap: Briery.
St. Pier's Selling Handicap Steeplechase: Shoeblack.
Ashdown Juvenile Hurdle Plate: The Listener.
Surrey Selling Handicap Hurdle Plate: Grey Coronet.

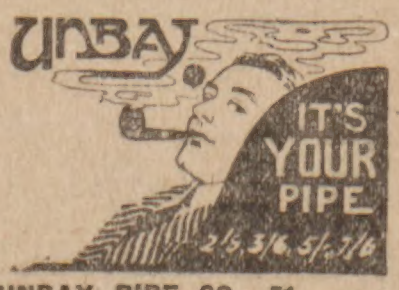
The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

Your Christmas Gift THIS YEAR SHOULD BE A SPECIAL HANDSOMELY PLATED TROUSER PRESS

Polished 6-ply Oak, **5/9** Carriage paid U.K. per Parcels Post, 11lbs. **Extra Heavy Press** to take 6 pair in 8 ply Oak, Heavily nickel-plated fittings, **8/6** carriage paid, weight 14 lbs.

WHY PAY MIDDLE PROFITS? Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome unbreakable 6-ply POLISHED OAK **Heavily Plated Fly Nuts and Powerful Steel Crossbars as shown.** Full length. Take 4 pairs **Guaranteed 5 years, sent on 7 days' approval,** Money returned next post if not satisfied, Send for Illustrated List Free.

SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING Co. (H. CLIPSON, Manager),
53, ECCLES ROAD, LONDON, S.W.



The Pipe that is never in trouble

The smoke enters the bore through a wide slot instead of the usual small, moisture choked hole; and this, with its very free draught gives one a delightfully cool and nutty smoke.

SMOKED BY ROYALTY.

Prices in London made Briar,
2/6, 3/6, 5/- and 7/6.

SAMPLE, 1/1 POST FREE.
State shape required.

UNBAY PIPE CO., 51, Commerce House, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

J. & H. ELLIS

clothe the
MODERN MAN
with
MODERN MATERIAL
and a
MODERN FIT
at
MODERN PRICES.

Come to us and we will see you right. Satisfaction guaranteed in a

MODERN ESTABLISHMENT.

OVERCOATS - 50/-

DRESS SUITS 84/-

If you cannot call we will send you our self-measurement form, etc., together with patterns, on receipt of post card.

J. & H. ELLIS

20, Farringdon Street,

Near Ludgate Circus.

£250 IS THE PREMIER PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

RENOVATION OF TIES.

Frequent knotting will crease any tie, particularly those made of thin material.

If you avoid wearing any one tie more than once each week, it will largely recover its shape during the six days' rest, but the time will come along when more active measures will have to be taken for its recovery.

Ties should be ironed—see that the iron is not too hot, and keep a dry handkerchief between the tie and the iron—and then hang the tie up for a time to air before being put back in your tie-box.

STORING TIES.

Whilst on the subject of ties, a good plan is to fasten a piece of string across the door inside the wardrobe, and hang ties on it. You can then choose a tie at a glance if this plan is followed.

SPOTS ON LIGHT CLOTHES.

The best medium for removing spots on light clothes is wet fuller's earth dabbed over the affected part. The garment should then be laid aside until thoroughly dry.

All dust must then be brushed and beaten out, and you will find that the stain has come out with it. Fuller's earth possesses the property of dissolving grease—and is also cheap and clean to apply.

READY-MADE WAISTCOATS.

If you are thinking of having a fancy waistcoat made to measure, my advice is—don't.

You may imagine that you will get a better fit by this means, but even that is doubtful, for most tailors and outfitters keep a stock of waistcoats which will provide a fit for any man with an average figure.

Moreover, quite apart from the fact that the fitting of a waistcoat is not so important as that of other garments, there are various details of style and pattern that can only be appreciated when the vest is made up, and though you may have a very clear idea as to what you want, the tailor may not grasp it, and he may miss some of the most essential points of your design.

If you are intending to have a waistcoat made to order, however, here is an idea that looks very neat.

Many fancy waistcoats are made with straight stripes, and the stuff is usually made up so that these run vertically from top to bottom.

Why not have them so arranged that they run diagonally and parallel with the lines of the opening? They will thus form a series of V's, which if the stripes are not too pronounced, will have a very neat effect and will give an appearance of better development to the chest.

FOLLOWING THE IDEA.

I saw a waistcoat cut on this plan, and the material had a dark grey background with narrow black stripes across it.

The diagonal lines conformed well to the cut of the fashionable waistcoat with a medium-sized opening and long points in front, which made the bottom edge of the vest from the hips to the point run almost parallel with them.

The cost of this waistcoat, however, was a guinea, but it is possible to get a very presentable fancy waistcoat for considerably less than that.

BRIEF REPLIES.

J. G. (Pelton).—Should not recommend you to clean it yourself. Send it to the makers or cleaners.

J. A. B. (Loughborough).—Merely a matter of taste, but should recommend you to retain the "Mr."

L. F. (Waterford).—The best way to remove stains from the hands is to rub them with the juicy part of a lemon, and then wash in hot water.

"ANKLE" (Glasgow).—It is not uncommon for boot-laces to hurt the bones about the ankle. As soon as any pain comes on, untie the laces and retie them above or below the usual place. This gives instant relief.

J. M. (Birmingham).—The reason your tie-pin tears your tie is because you shove it down, instead of twisting it from side to side, which is the correct method. The League tie-pins have a screw on them to prevent their falling out.

"ARCHIE" (Epsom).—A sponge, cold water, and saddle soap are the only things necessary to eradicate mud-stains from your leggings.

Readers Sale or Exchange.

Advts. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Conjuring catalogue, illustrated, free; send early.—Vandy (Dept. M.M.), next Wyndham's Theatre, London.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why be Short? By adopting my simple system you can put inches on to your height in three months. No apparatus. No medicines. Ordinary habits retained. Send two penny stamps for particulars, to Professor Prowse, 3, North End Chambers, Croydon.

True as Death! New Patent Silver-plated Tie-maker given free, with 5 ties, for 1s. It saves times, money and labour. Established 1897.—Sedlew and Co., 114, City Road, Manchester.

10s. 6d.; Army and Navy Field Glasses; strong case and shoulder strap; worth double.—G. Stebbing, Thornhill Road, Wortley, Leeds.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1683.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29 Farringdon St., London, E.C.

PAWNBROKERS' Clearance Sale. Send for list of 3,500 genuine bargains of every description; post free; astounding value.

25/—GENT.'S £5 Double-breasted Winter OVERCOAT, 40in. breast; superior quality heavy dark-grey frieze with tweed lining, deep turned-down collar and strap cuffs; made for motorist by West End tailors; never worn. Approval.

10/6 Gent.'s 18ct. gold-cased keyless lever watch, improved action (John Forrest, London), 10 years' warranty, absolutely perfect time-keeper; also double curb albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Week's free trial. Together, great bargain, 10s. 6d. Approval.

29/6 (Original price £5 15s.) Valuable double-barrelled breech-loader gun, top lever, 12 bore, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; new condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £9 9s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

10/6 ORGAN TONE MELODEON; magnificent 37s. 6d. instrument, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords, rich, powerful tone, in perfect order; sacrifice, 9s. 6d.; approval.

4/9 Knitted CARDIGAN JACKET; (Worth 15s.).—Gent.'s Well-made reliable quality; unworn; approval.

21/- (Worth £4 4s.).—GENT.'S Solid Silver Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable main spring, timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' written warranty; also Gent.'s Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached; bargain, 21s.; approval.

DAVIS & CO., (Dept. 4) Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For trouser press see advt. Simplex Manufacturing Co., page 1686.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Learn to draw for "Modern Man" and other papers and journals; professional tuition by correspondence; stamp brings illustrated prospectus.—"Art," Church Street, Westhoughton, Lancs. Fee £1 1s.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For increase of height, see Professor Prowse's announcement on page 1683.

Your appearance can be improved by a head of curly hair, send to-day for a bottle of "Curlolena," "The Sure Hair Curler" 1s. 1½d., post free.—A. Fergusson, 82, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, London, N.E. For either ladies or gentlemen.

FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see below.

Dated, December 14, 1912.

.....Cut here.....

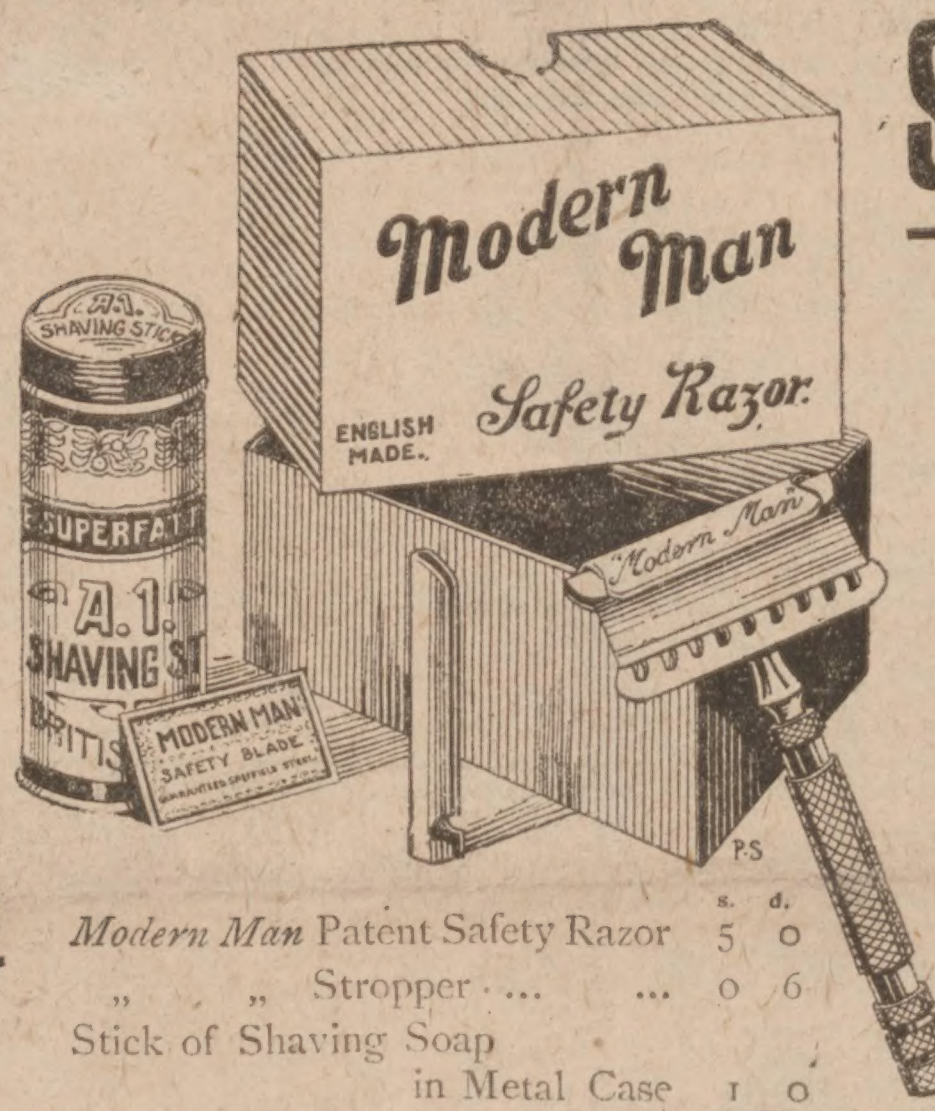
.....Cut here.....

THERE IS PLENTY OF SCOPE IN "FIRSTS AND LASTS."

YOUR EDITOR'S GREAT OFFER

A ROLLICKING SUCCESS.

6/6 for Nothing



Shaving Sets FREE to all.

	s.	d.
Modern Man Patent Safety Razor	5	0
„ „ Stropper	0	6
Stick of Shaving Soap in Metal Case	1	0
Total ...	**6s.**	**6d.**

Free to My Readers.

I never dreamed when I made this Shaving Set Offer that it would meet with such an enthusiastic response. Evidently my readers are out to help me, and incidentally to help themselves to a complete Shaving Set FREE OF COST.

If you will only give the copies of "Modern Man" to the right people, I am satisfied we shall quickly have a permanent 500,000 readers, and how proud you and I will be when every newsagent is interested in the paper, and exhibits our bill outside his shop.

Remember, all you have to do

is to distribute six copies of the current issue of "Modern Man" among your masculine friends, although, by the bye, the ladies like "Modern Man," but before doing so, cut out the FREE SHAVING SET coupon on page 1687. Send the six coupons to me, together with a P.O. for 1/- to cover carriage and packing expenses of the Shaving Set, and I will send you by return the "Modern Man" Silver-plated Safety Razor, Silver-plated Stropper and special stick of Shaving Soap, all complete in case, **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.**

Address your letter to—Editor, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and mark in the top left hand corner, "Free Shaving Set."

NEVER MISS A GOOD OPPORTUNITY—SEND NOW.

Printed and Published by Bowerman's Press, Ltd., Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription, 8s. 8d., to be sent to MODERN MAN Subscription Department, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.. Sole Agents for Colonies: Gordon and Gotch, London, Australia, Canada, etc. South Africa: The Central News Agency, Ltd.